



LEISURE MOMENTS.

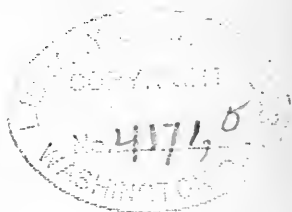


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LEISURE MOMENTS.

BY

H. HELEN NUNEZ.



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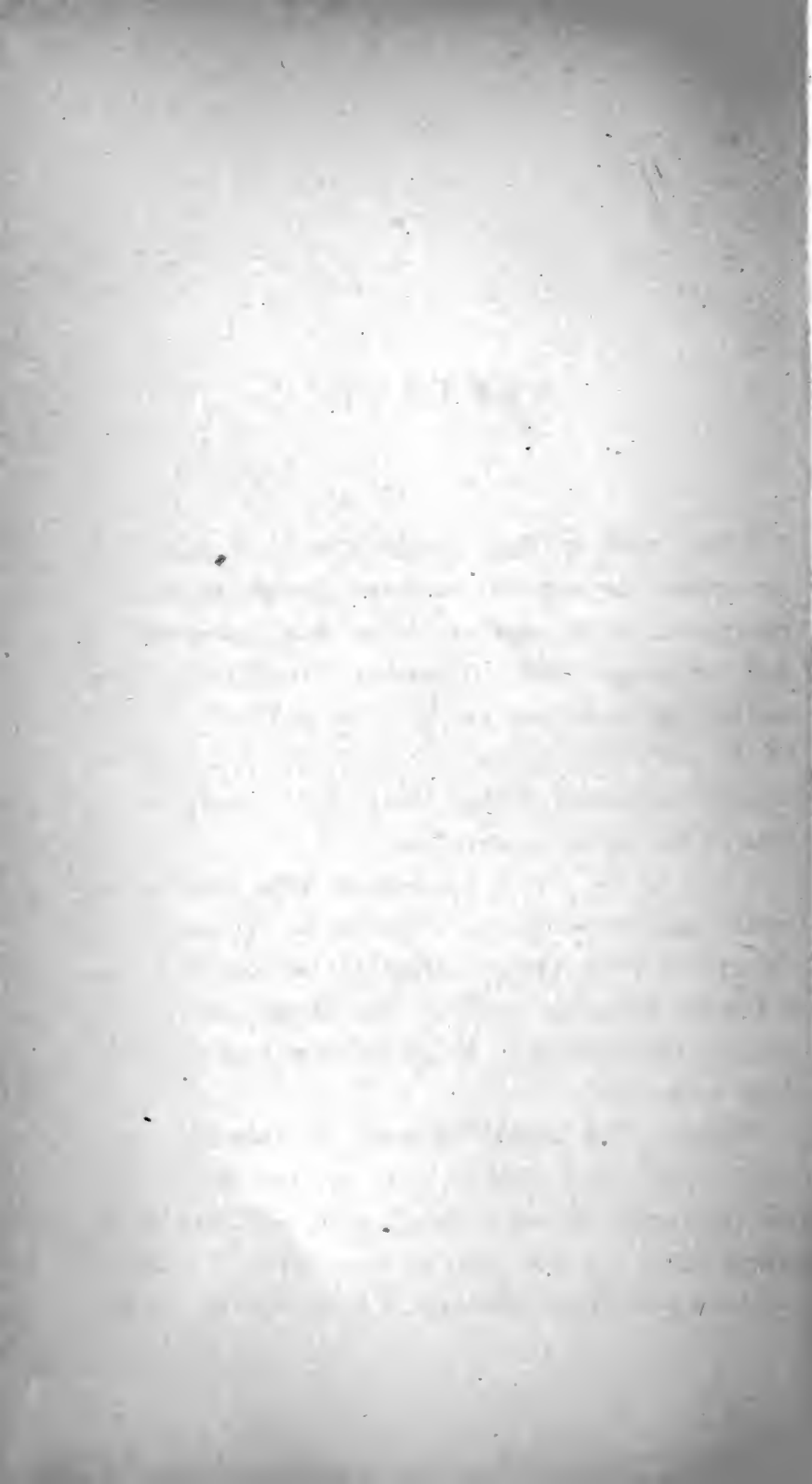
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DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER.



PREFACE.

WHILE some of these poems have been published previously, the majority of them, though written at intervals extending over a period of many years, appear now for the first time. A number of them, being very early efforts, date back nearly as far as the childhood of the author, by whom only as so many landmarks and reminiscences of the "dead past" are they considered worthy of preservation.

Urged by the partial opinions of kind friends, the writer has been induced, whatever be the merits or defects of these fugitive offspring of some of her "Leisure Moments" (which like strayed sheep have been so long scattered), to gather them now into one fold, or volume.

Though praise should generally be valuable to us only in proportion as we know in our own hearts that we deserve it, yet, when it comes direct from those whose characters rank high in our esteem, it bears at least the *prima facie* assurance of good will, and rarely

fails to exert due influence on our feelings or actions. The recollection that many of the present poems have received the sanction of the one to whom they are dedicated, is probably the mainspring of conclusions which instigate their publication. That they have been understood and appreciated by that disinterested friend in whose gentle nature was combined every female virtue, whose mind and heart were refined by cultivation and upright actions, is the reflection which constitutes for the writer their sweetest association and chief value. They serve as ties of affection which connect with the memory of that dear one in the past, and as links of hope which unite with her in the future.

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LEISURE MOMENTS.

INVOCATION TO SAPPHO.

I CALL on thee, bright Sappho!
Thou spirit of the past!
The mantle of thy genius
Around my soul to cast.

Oh, make me feel intensely;
As once thou felt of yore:
And stir my very heart-depths
Unto their inmost core!

With glorious inspiration,
Sweet Muse! with me abide;
To numbers soft and flowing,
My moving pencil guide.

Oh, thou! whose fervent spirit,
Of strange volcanic mould,
Thy harp's ecstatic breathings
In melodies oft told;—

INVOCATION TO SAPPHO.

Thou, whose impassion'd feelings
O'erflow'd the ardent heart ;
Thy power, rare and sentient,
E'en now to me impart !

Oh, break the chain lethargic,
My glowing thoughts that hold ;
Disperse the grosser vapors,
My senses that enfold !

That love, refined, ecstatic,
Which so well thou hast known,
I too would feel, combining
E'en with its sadden'd tone.

Fain would I know the myst'ry
Which through thy soul awoke ;
The pure illuminations
Upon thy mind that broke.

Ay! for a moment, only,
Of genius' wealth like thine,
Unto Leucadian waters
I, too, would life resign !

Then touch my harp, sweet Sappho!
Breathe forth upon its strings,

Till melody pathetic
From every number rings.

Oh, lead me swiftly upward,
Unto Parnassian height!—
On wings of inspiration,
With thee, I'd take my flight:

And of the mount poetic,
My soul elate would seek,
In soaring through bright regions,
To gain its loftiest peak.

Then mantle me, sweet Sappho!
With potency divine;
Thy spirit's fervid essence
Within my own, combine!

IF.

A BRIDGE across a sea of Doubt,
In which our feelings float about;
O'er which our hopes may safely land;
Or, passing which, may yet disband.

Alas ! that small, contracted word
Through all the hours of life is heard !—
So much of hope, of joy, of death,
May be suspended on a breath.

“Oh, if I live!” exclaims the man,
“I’ll realize each noble plan,
So brightly on my mind impress’d ;
Long nursed and cherish’d in my breast.
Within the lists of sounding Fame
I’ll carve myself a deathless name,
In golden letters : ne’er to rust,
Or sink forgotten into dust.
I’ll strive, I’ll toil from year to year,
Unfailing e’en when death draws near ;
A heritage transmitting bright,
To live, and give creation light :
A boon, a blessing shall it be,
Enriching all posterity.
The world shall hear with glad amaze
The ceaseless soundings of my praise ;
Shall hand them down from age to age,
To decorate historic page :
My fair renown and memory
Shall, like my soul, eternal be.”

But while he meditates, behold !
A hand steals o'er him damp and cold ;
Its icy touch hath seized his heart,
The spirit from the clay to part :
And suddenly, from vaulting pride,
Ambition's ladder falls aside.
Thus life, with promise rare begun,
While in its morning tide is run,
As some strong current, in an hour,
Is check'd or turn'd by *stronger* Power ;
Or some bright bird upon the wing
The archer's aim to earth doth bring :
So much he'd schemed and plann'd to be ;
But IF had veil'd futurity.
A tiny curtain hanging there,
Which draped from view a sable bier !

Beyond the Summer of his youth,
He saw, nor read the fated truth.
The fabric by his fancy rear'd
Lay blighted now, decay'd and sear'd ;
Engulf'd, as by a sudden wave,
Forever in death's silent grave.
The dreamer gone ! and gone the dream !
Both drifted down Oblivion's stream !

Then gather, man, the *growing* flowers,
But trust not thou the future's hours;
Whose folded buds may only bloom
In time to flourish o'er thy tomb.
Now, who is he, proclaiming there,
He will renounce his wild career,
His evil days he will resign,
Will taste no more the tempting wine?

“I've search'd my heart in each recess,
And thus my failing I confess:
The cup has been no friend to me;
But my most bitter enemy:
An enemy whose constant wiles
Have been disguised in rosy smiles;
Or like a serpent coil'd beneath
The blooming fruit of the vine-wreath.
For your dear sakes, O wife and child!
Will I no more be thus beguiled.
The subtle poison will I flee;
A better man will henceforth be!
But one glass more! and only one!
And then with Bacchus have I done!
Ay, one glass more! but let that brim
In final memory of him!”
And one glass more the victim takes!
Why not resist it for *their* sakes?

“ Oh ! if this night I but survive,
With my destroyer will I strive ;
To-morrow !—ay ! to-morrow I’ll begin
To conquer this besetting sin.

“ But what is this, which fills my veins
With lightning touch, with venom’d pains ?
My head it reels, my eyes go dim !
The scenes around me dance and swim.
My wife ! my child ! they seem to be
Before my vision, in a sea
Of burning fluid—rosy red—
From the sparkling wine-press shed ;
They’re sinking now !— will no one save,
Or lift them from the ruby wave ?
My darling ones ! Oh, no !
It is not *they*, but *I*, who go !
For, like the spray from Death’s damp hand,
The final draught my soul hath spann’d.

“ Oh, vanish’d joy ! neglected bliss !
My wife’s caress ! my infant’s kiss !
No more for me ! Too late, alas !
Exchanged for the consuming glass !
Oh ! grant me, Father, still some days
Wherein I may amend my ways ;

That I a better man may be,
And live, my Maker, nearer Thee !
Oh ! if resolve had purpose met,
I had not known this vain regret ;
Resolve, that, often as I made,
Was but dissolved in empty shade.
Oh ! if I had but kept my vow,
I might not thus be sinking now.
Away from friends and kindred ties,
The mists of death before me rise.
Oh ! if—" That little word but rung
Like a death-knell on his tongue.
"Oh ! if—" It sounded to the last,
Until the dream of life was past.
And so 'twill ring, that monotone,
While human dreams and doubts are known.
'Tis like fair Venice' Bridge of Sighs,
Betwixt Despair and Hope that lies—
Suspended o'er Time's running river,
Whose current flows forever, ever !

But, oh ! those sad, repentant words !
Had they not touch'd on pitying chords
Within some tender angel's breast,
Who'd watch'd him, as he sank to rest ?
And, for his sake, would she arise
Towards her mansion in the skies ?

She who, with all-unspotted fame,
Upon her Saviour had a claim?
Whose holy life and innocence
His love had gain'd, as recompense.
And of the sinner, would she tell
E'en how he strove, yet how he fell,
How had his many efforts fail'd,
His human weakness all prevail'd?

But HE, who had earth's sorrows known,
Had *heard* that sinner's dying groan;
Had *seen* his troubled soul pass by,
As in a deep and bitter sigh.
And might it not the mercy move
Of One who is embodied love?
Oh! might it not compassion wake,
E'en for that erring mortal's sake?

Although repentance came thus late,
Yet may it not ameliorate
The sentence just against the soul,
When shall be call'd the final roll?
Though here we strive, yet not attain,
Will our best efforts be in vain?
For are they not all seen on high,
And all recorded in the sky?

Will they on wings not upward mount,
And there be taken on account,
And duly meet with credit given
Towards that vast debt we owe to Heaven?
And will they with our names appear,
E'en when the last great day draws near?
O Father! Maker! may it be
That such is Thy supreme decree?

But from the dying wanderer turn,
Life's sad, sad lesson still to learn:
That whosoe'er his hopes intrust
To earthly visions, things of dust,
Must wake at last to understand
That, like that man who built on sand—
The foolish man, and not the wise,
Whose hopes ascended to the skies—
This world can give no certain stay,
Its idols all are made of clay.

And must *she*, too, soon learn to know
There is no cup devoid of woe?
Although at first it even brim,
And sparkle high above the rim,
The joy-drops there at length may break,
As scatter'd foam upon the lake;

While underneath, the tide may be
The sombre shade of ebony.
And though she bask in present bliss,
Will Time, unsparing, teach her this?
No tell-tale voice upon the wind
She hears with prophecy unkind;
For still that mother's thirsty lips
From out the glowing goblet sips
The flowing nectar; and her soul
Hath known no limit, or control;
No compass to the love so wild,
That centres in her cherub-child.
She e'en subdues her breath, to keep
Her patient watch above the sleep
Which shrouds his senses, as he's press'd,
His little form against her breast;
While from the blue eyes seal'd in sleep
The golden lashes downward sweep,
Upon the rosy damask cheek;
The dimpled, curling fingers seek,
E'en 'midst repose in sweet dream-land,
Unconsciously, the mother's hand;
And nestled thus, like lovely flowers,
Which close their leaves towards evening's hours,
A beauteous bud he seems to be,
Engrafted on Affection's tree;

Transplanted from a higher land,
E'en by an All-perfecting Hand.
And, oh ! to her, throughout the earth,
The brightest thing that e'er knew birth.
What visions rapt doth she not see,
Obtruding through the dim to-be,
Like halos round her slumb'ring boy,
Or angels smiling on her joy !
Ah ! fain she'd shelter him from tears
That wait upon life's riper years.
Her bosom to the storm she'd bare,
Her darling one to save and spare.

“ Oh, boundless source of joy to me,
As onward to maturity
My pleasant task 'twill ever prove,
With increase of maternal love,
To watch him growing day by day,
As seasons come and pass away,
Until he reach that crowning time
Of manhood's proud and golden prime.
Oh ! spare him, Father ! that he be
This boundless source of joy to me ! ”

But HE who marks the sparrow's fall
Knows what is right and best for all ;

And this, His tender mercy proves,
That though He chastens, still He loves.

And so, 'midst days that come and go,
While singing to him soft and low,
The mother forms each fairy plan
For when her child shall be a man.
And 'midst her dreams of untold years,
His name in rosy hue appears;
Forestalling the far-future hour,
She weaves it with success and power.
“ Oh, if he lives, he shall attain
To lofty eminence and gain !
Then, spare him, Father !” still she prays,
But seeth not His hidden ways ;
For lo ! while bending o'er its bed,
The infant droops its tiny head :
Till, tossing in delirious pains,
He writhes beneath the fever-chains.
The cradle-song can soothe no more,
The lullaby's sweet charm is o'er !
A light film gathers o'er its eyes,
The infant smiles, looks up, and dies.
A white-wing'd seraph near by stands,
With eager and extended hands,
To catch the soul that makes escape
From out the beauteous baby shape,

And from its sweet maternal rest
To bear it to its Saviour's breast.

The Power that laid the man to earth,
That gave the infant being birth,
Now, in His strength and wisdom great,
Again decides its early fate.

But weep not, mother ! o'er thy child,
Thy beautiful and undefiled ;
Thy folded bud of promise rare
Shall be develop'd in that sphere
Where all things guileless grow to light,
Unmarr'd or touch'd by sorrow's blight.
His innocent and undimm'd spirit
Immortal joys will there inherit :
Then weep no more his early lot !
For HE hath said, " Forbid them not ;"
For little ones like thine just given,
Of such, e'en such as these, is heaven.
Then turn to Him with soul oppress'd,
For He hath said He'll give thee rest ;
Oh, take thy burden to His throne,
And *try* to say, " Thy will be done !"
For He, who when poor Hagar stray'd
Along the desert, weak, afraid,

Her darling fainting by her side,
There caused to gush the living tide,
That might refresh and give her joy,
And should restore herself and boy,—
He can dissolve and all control
The frozen fountains of thy soul ;
Amidst thy wilderness of grief
Can touch the springs whence flow relief.
Then cease, O mother ! cease to mourn
Above thy tender blossom gone :
For, if he had e'en by thy side
Been spared throughout thy life to bide,
In years to come—ah ! who can know ?—
He might have caused thy tears to flow,
And made thee wish, 'midst pain and ruth,
Thy child had died in early youth ;
For, gaze around, and thou wilt see
So much of human misery ;
So many wrapt in doubt and grief,
From which thy darling found relief.

Beneath the yew-tree's verdant shade
No sound will there his peace invade,—
No care disturb the sinless breast
In which the heart is hush'd to rest.
The rippling brook upon its way
Will sound like childhood's voice at play,

As with each tiny, silvery wave
It passes by his little grave.
The birds will sing above his tomb,
And Spring's attendant flowers bloom ;
Fit emblems of the treasure given,
Of innocence recall'd to heaven.

For such as die in infant years,
Should be rejoicing, and not tears ;
Though lost to sight—forever fled,
'They *might have been*—ay ! worse than dead !
Go ask yon aged man, and, oh !
From his heart-depths he'll tell thee so.
Go ! listen to the echoes dim
And through the by-gone stray with him ;
The cord that holds his spirit fast,
That binds him to the vanish'd past,
Of Mem'ry's finest fibres spun,
Leads back to days without a sun,
Where all the brightness life once gave
Lies buried in Affliction's grave.

The gentle partner of his love
Was call'd too soon to realms above ;
Yet, ere she parted from him, left
One keepsake for his soul bereft,—

One precious token, that impress'd
Her living image on his breast.
Well might he prize that pledge so fair,
The daughter of his tenderest care ;
And only for his darling's sake
His widow'd heart forbore to break ;
For she was in that lone heart wild
The sole oasis there that smiled ;
And as to womanhood she grew,
His hopes for her expanded too ;
Until, like some extending vine
That twines about a holy shrine,
They wrapp'd her with their verdure round,
And, still aspiring, knew no bound.
Fair visions of her future rise
Before the father's loving eyes.

“ Oh, when my bright and budding flower
Shall bloom at length to riper hour,
What bliss, what rapture will be mine
To watch her star of beauty shine ;
A choice to make for her fair hand
From out the noblest of the land ;
And yield at length her guileless youth
To one of tried and dauntless truth !
That I may view her day by day
Advance in Virtue's healthful way,

Along the pathway chaste and fair,
Where thornless plants alone appear,
And where the young, confiding breast
On pious thoughts finds constant rest ;
And he who wins her, may he prove
But worthy of her matchless love,—
But worthy of the priceless gem
He gathers from the parent-stem.”

While musing thus, his blushing flower
Unfolds its leaves towards riper hour,
Until, like some exquisite rose,
The maiden’s charms in full disclose,
And every grace in perfect mould
With bright enchantment all unfold.

But while for her, this treasured prize,
That father thinks to realize
Each wish of his devoted heart,—
His soul is rent by doubts apart !
’Midst promise smiling everywhere,
In Hope’s delicious atmosphere,
A chill and sullen change hath crept,
And peaceful skies by clouds are swept,
Until those shadows dark as night
Foretell a strange and with’ring blight.

A blight that fills that loving heart
Of which she form'd the dearest part.
The flow'ret nursed through patient years
At length is bathed in bitter tears,—
Its mournful fate is written now
In desolation on his brow.
For lo! the spoiler hath been there
To seek the innocent and fair:
A wolf he came in meek disguise,
To steal away the father's prize;
The hand that pluck'd the rosy gem
Had rudely crush'd the parent-stem.

The guileless child, ensnared at length
And tempted past her woman's strength,
Like Goethe's gentle Margaret fell
Beneath the dark enchanter's spell.
Then let the fount of Pity flow
And mingle with the tide of woe.

But turn and ask that father now,
With grief initial'd on his brow—
Oh! ask him in this brooding hour,
Would he not rather that his flower
Had been in tender spring-time laid
Beneath the yew-tree's peaceful shade;

Before Time's hand had wrought within
A single spot of earthly sin ?
For then he might, without a sigh,
Have yielded up the loved to die—
With all her leaflets pale and pure
Have left her with her God secure—
Without a sigh like those that start
And torture now his breaking heart.
Alas ! for him, Hope's fragile ark
Is but a wreck'd and shatter'd bark !
“ What bliss, what rapture will be mine
To watch her star of beauty shine,
If but this bright and budding flower
Shall be matured to riper hour ! ”
And from this trust so bright and brief,
Within his heart had grown belief ;
'Midst dazzling rays of Hope there shed,
He saw no breakers loom ahead ;
On Hope's frail promise he relied,
Nor counted on Time's changeful tide.

And yet, the waters calm to-day,
That in the sunlight dance and play,
To-morrow may by storms be stirr'd,
Their voice in angry tones be heard ;
For 'neath the smiling surface fair
What undercurrents may be there !

And so the soul which sweet hopes fill
Like hush of eve with beauty still,
With but a word—a little tone,
And all its calmness may be flown.
For, such an instrument is man!—
Of strange, uncomprehended plan!
The faintest breeze that by him floats
May waken sad or merry notes.
And in the tempest of the soul,
Impulses new which rush and roll,
Which sway the actions and the ways,
And stir to censure or to praise,
How rarely doth he rest or pause
To search the mainspring or the cause:
And, pausing even, could he find
Those links mysterious, which bind
Effect and cause, which often stray
From one another far away,
How e'er discern the doubts that ring
Upon each fine susceptible string,
Producing, like the Orphic harp,
Vibration low or discord sharp?

Ah! could we know, or only see,
How trivial the cause may be,—
How faint an impulse often sways
And colors all life's future days!

How may a thought the smallest rise
To action of gigantic size,
E'en like the seed within the earth,
From which a mammoth tree hath birth.

“ Oh, IF,” exclaims the dreaming boy,
His face illumed with hope and joy,
His eyes fix'd on the foaming urn,
'Neath which the embers glow and burn,
“ Oh, if my theory but prove true,
What may this misty agent do !”
And still he views, with quicken'd sense,
The drops of steam as they condense ;
And still he counts them one by one,
E'en like a task that must be done,—
A task of pleasure, and not pain,
To which he turns and turns again.
But with the vapor that expands,
That breaks away in foggy strands,
And upward twines in graceful curl,
His fancies one by one unfurl ;
Until, like gallant sails, they fill
With inspirations of his will ;
With healthful breeze and fav'ring wind
Of gifted intellect and mind,
He thinks, as still the vapors sail,
What they *might* do on grander scale ;

And how still further be applied
In mastery of wind and tide ;
As man may check, by self-control,
The surging passions of the soul.

And thus through that thought-crowded brain,
Are *ifs*, that come and go again ;
Ideas that ever rise and spring,
Till, caught like birds upon the wing,
Are caged at last within the mind,
To be there cultured and refined,
And compass uses that e'en raise
Man's ceaseless gratitude and praise.

Yet who could from that face so fair
Foretell the world's great engineer ?
For, as his thoughts to action flew,
The name of Watt immortal grew.
As doubts and clouds were swept away,
Fair Science held her sceptred sway.

And so, with him that was to be
The father of telegraphy ;—
A thought that in his brain awoke
Was follow'd by the master-stroke,
Which left a monument to stand
In every free enlighten'd land,

And through succeeding ages tell
How much Morse conquer'd ere he fell.

“ *If* but this electricity
Can thus indeed transmitted be,
Then may it instantly convey
Ideas in messages away.”

And at this thought he worked forsooth,
Till it became a giant truth ;
And from the brain wherein it throve,
Like Pallas from the head of Jove,
Sprung forth full-armed and staid,
In Wisdom's panoply array'd.
It flash'd across the speaking wires,
Transmitted by electric fires ;
It onward swept so far and fast
That Time and Space look'd on aghast ;
And as it made its speedy curves,
It moved the world with iron nerves,
Which trembled with his deathless fame,
And bore aloft his honor'd name.

Oh, if!—the varied *ifs* that press,
And forward lead to proud success ;
The *ifs* that toss the soul about
Within a dream of dread and doubt ;
The little *ifs*, rose-clad and green,
That through our musings intervene,

That whisper of enticing joy,
Or bribe with sin, but to destroy !
That o'er life's sea may dangers prove
Or waft us up to heavenly love !

For who beyond the boundary-line
The dim to-be can well define?
Beyond that mist or rising moat,
What visions of the future float !

With e'en a rare resplendent night,
The silvery moon dispensing light,
Surrounded by those starry eyes
That gaze with glory from the skies,
Ah ! who shall say what clouds may sweep
Before those eyes so bright and deep ;
As sudden passions often press
From beauty's glance its tenderness.
Or from those arms of Night so fair
How shall the breaking morn appear ?—
So impotent is mortal man
Beyond his horizon to scan !

We know but little,—yet we know
That peace from righteous deeds must flow ;
That virtue is its own reward,
And the transgressor's way is hard.

Ay ! this we know ; the voice within
Admonishes of wrong and sin ;
That still, small voice, whose honest tone
Says what to do, or leave undone ;
Which whispers that the path of right
Leads upwards to eternal light ;
And telling this, it urges, too,
That path progressive we pursue.
Upon the tablets of the heart
This truth is stamp'd, and forms a part
Upon the ever-living scroll
Of mortal's all-immortal soul !
Then safely, oh ! to guide our bark,
Across life's ocean dim and dark !
From Scylla's rock of sin to run ;
And yet Charybdis dread to shun !
Where ills on either side are seen,
To steer, with purpose pure, between,
Till we attain the haven blest,
Where doubts and fears are hush'd to rest ;
Until the hour, where all refined,
The clanking moorings break, that bind
The clay to spirit, and unite
The essence with its Heavenly Light.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1863.

MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA.

YE echoes of past Summer, and Autumn's breezes, tell,
In Nature's saddest cadence, my broken-hearted spell ;
Between the seasons nearly, on Summer's final day,
Our darling one was stricken—in Autumn pass'd away.

God sent His angel, softly to whisper in her ear
That there was room in heaven for her to enter there ;
With chainless steps she mounted, nor paused upon
the way ;

She'd heard the angel's summons, and hasten'd to obey.

And there were loved ones waiting, who long had gone
before ;

I think she must have met them at the eternal door ;
For, as her soul seraphic escaped from out its mould,
A smile illumed her features, of joy and peace untold.

A halo hover'd o'er them, and, while we linger'd nigh,
The low and half-heard rustle of angels' wings swept
by :

Perhaps each one had taken her hand within its own,
And led her to the footstool of Jehovah's mighty
throne.

So, while the bells were ringing, one sunny Sabbath
morn,

And we were watching round her, we found that she
was gone !

And though we know she's cared for, and happier than
here,

We cannot get accustom'd to see her vacant chair.

We cannot get accustom'd to have her out of sight,
And when the bedtime cometh, to miss her dear
“good-night !”

The lonely spot her presence so sweetly fill'd of yore,
It must, though mem'ry-haunted, be lonely evermore.

For though she pass'd so calmly from out this world
of care,

That Death was robb'd forever of terror and of fear,
Yet, when she died, I felt it, my fate in life was cast ;
For with her seem'd to perish my future and my past.

But those to whom this sorrow has been a golden gain,
Who found again their mother when ours hence was
ta'en,

Who'd gain'd the goal before her, how happy must
have been,

When heaven's portals open'd, to see her enter in !

And, darling ! I am thankful that kindred gone before
Were there to give you welcome when you had reach'd
the shore.

There's one I do remember, who bore a brother's
name ;

You loved him for his goodness, his high and honor'd
fame.

A little one there was, too, with soft and wavy hair,—
Perhaps you sing his lullaby upon your bosom there.

He used to say, “ Dear mother, I love your lovely
voice ; ”

Oh, how his infant spirit with yours must now rejoice !

Oh, dearest ! tell our sisters, till we reach home one
day,

Our famish'd souls will hunger to be as bless'd as they ;
To have you with us, “ Precious ! ” and never more to
roam,

But live together always, in God's supernal home.

We've planted myrtle, mother, above your new-made
grave ;

Its supple branches softly on evening's breezes wave ;
Its ever-verdant foliage speaks of immortal love,
Of hope and faith aspiring to blessedness above.

The trees around are standing, like sentinels, array'd
In all their gorgeous vestures of Autumn's every shade ;

Their many-color'd tresses o'ersweep your lone head-
stone,

While breath of gentle zephyrs around it sigh and
moan ;

While twilight, with soft pencil, of gold and purple
shade,

Writes on each leaf the hist'ry,—all earthly things must
fade ;

The river bright and shining is flowing at your feet,
And singing, in its surges, your requiem low and sweet.

And I have ask'd, oh, darling ! that when life's dream
be o'er,

They'll lay me down to slumber upon this quiet shore ;
They'll let my form in death beside your own recline,
As in this life my spirit dwelt ever near to thine.

OCTOBER, 1872.

RIVER OF LOVE.

RIVER of brightness ! river of love !
Onward it rolls around and above ;
Down in the heart, and deep in the soul ;
River resisting check or control !

River with source away and afar
Past the bright sun and beautiful star ;
River that breaks in countless clear streams,
Crested and fleck'd with heavenly gleams !

River that's lifted above the dull sod ;
River that springs from the bosom of God ;
River that ebbs again to its source,—
River immortal ; perfect in course !

River with wavelets crystal and pure ;
River of grace, divinest and sure :
River,—oh, joy ! to float on thy breast,
Onward, and up, to PEACE and to REST !

PITY US.

TO MRS. G. W. B.

PITY us, Father ! from thy throne
Immaculate and great ;
Pity the heart's low suppliant tone ;
Pity our human fate !

Pity us, Father ! in our need,
When tempted on our way ;
Pity us, for each recreant deed
That leads the soul astray !

Pity us when, with gath'ring doubt,
Our thoughts are turn'd from Thee,
And drift like unmoor'd ships about
In dark tempestuous sea.

Pity us! for the human bark
Is frail, and lightly bound,
Yet, launch'd in waters deep and dark,
It may be sunk or drown'd!

Pity us when, like Dead-Sea fruit,
Our hopes to ashes turn,
Or wither from us branch and root,
In life's embitter'd urn.

Pity us when, in gloomy hour,
Grief sways her sceptre dark,
Although denied the fatal power
To quench the vital spark.

Pity us then, lest awful thought
Of suicidal shade,
With venom'd trail, should steal athwart
The spirit to invade.

Pity us then, and Faith impart,
Implicit and entire;

Sustain, O God ! the drooping heart,
And trust in Thee inspire !

Pity us when the better part
With pride and wrong contends,
And evil through the wayward heart
Its iron mastery blends !

Pity us, as we feebly halt
Between the good and ill ;
Too prone to each alluring fault,
Yet drawn to Thee by will.

Strengthen that will to purpose strong,
O Father ! in Thy might ;
Scatter aside the seeds of wrong,
Confirm us in the Right !

Pity us when disease or pain
The fragile frame assails,
When fever courses through each vein,
Till strength of manhood fails :

When strange delirium holds her sway
In absent Reason's place,
And kindles with deceitful ray
The hectic eye and face.

Pity us when life's feeble lamp
Is burning dim and low ;
When dews of death are gathering damp
Upon the pallid brow.

Pity us when the compact's o'er
Of spirit and of clay,
And onward, to its native shore,
The soul is borne away.

Pity us when, O God ! we stand
Before Thy judgment-seat,
Awaiting sentence and command ;
Pity and—*mercy* mete !

BYRON.

THEN let the tear-drop freely flow !
Breathe forth the wail of grief and woe !
The Harp hath lost its brightest string,
Complaining spirits round it cling.

The poet's dead ! Behold him there ;
While languidly above his bier

The Muses gather sadly round ;
Their mourning mantles sweep the ground.
With cypress branch in each pale hand,
They form a lonely, solemn band.
Their faces sombre seem to tell
How much is lost since Byron fell.
For him they weep, for him they mourn,
Their loved and favorite scion gone.

At length from off the beauteous clay
They turn their sadden'd eyes away,
And eager glances cast afar
To where he shines on high,—a star,
In that resplendent, pearly clime
Beyond the fields of changing Time.

Ye minstrels! where's your boast, since he
Hath vanish'd from your galaxy,
And Music from the earth has given
Her richest harmonies to heaven?

But he, whose genius divine
Drew worship to his living shrine,
Whose notes refined, and magic skill,
Enraptured multitudes could fill
With emulation's keen desire,
Awakens now *another* choir.

Since his brief course on earth is run,
The goal immortal reach'd and won,
His brother bards their efforts bring,
His praises long and loud to sing,
While angels, with o'erflowing love,
Are stooping from their posts above,
In his favor to inspire
The plaintive touch upon the lyre.

Byron is dead ! let nations weep !
Let earth a solemn silence keep !
Let sadden'd hearts recall the day
On which the poet pass'd away.

But when the ominous knell hath rung,
Another lay may then be sung :
Let joy and gladness tune the voice,
In tones unceasing, to rejoice
O'er monuments of genius left,
Ere spirit from the clay was reft :
Memorials of deathless mind
With strength and majesty combined.
Creations, all ecstatic, bright,
“Soul of his thought”—his spirit's light.
His works remain !—our minds engage
O'er every fair and glowing page ;
And interest deepens in each line
Where heaven-born powers gleam and shine ;

Where, from her deep exhaustless fount
The streams of Knowledge flow and mount ;
Where thoughts on thoughts so bright unfold,
The letters seem impress'd in gold.
Resistlessly we're borne along,—
Borne with the current of the song ;
Borne on as through a rushing tide,
With Genius alone for Guide ;
With Genius at the helm and prow
Of fairy Fancy's floating scow.
With pure delight we onward roam,
Surrounded by the glittering foam ;
Amidst the waters that appear
So wild and sparkling everywhere,
That while we through their wavelets range,
The mind is lost in wonder strange,
To think it should be mortal fate
Such intense beauty to create.

Exquisite joy is it to stray
'Midst scenes described, far, far away ;
To wander ever, side by side,
With Harold for our constant guide ;
To watch, through his emotions' glow,
Our noblest feelings rise and flow ;
Our tenderest thoughts, to which we ne'er
Could language give, embodied there.

Beneath the magic of his art,
Each pulse in Nature's mighty heart,
As though at once reveal'd to view,
Vibrates all faithfully and true.

The Childe, to life, each scene portrays,
The Childe, each beauty rare displays.
Touch'd by his skill, the pictures bright
In blended colors warm unite ;
And with conceptions deep, profound,
Reflect the glories of the world around.

But from the harp whose mystic power
Beguiles with bliss each passing hour,
'That gives the soul delicious food
To feed upon in pensive mood,
Oh, "ever and anon," of pain
Is breathed a low and solemn strain ;
As though the spirit that gave joy
Was bow'd itself 'neath grief's alloy ;
And through the music grand, sublime,
Still trembles forth a lonely chime.
Ah ! there the secret, silent heart
Its throbbing anguish doth impart.

Oh, why is genius gifted, rare,
Predestined in this world to share

A clouded and unkindly fate,
With soul oppress'd and desolate?
Why destined thus, alas ! to feed
Upon the fruit of poison'd seed ?
To drink, and to the dregs to drain,
Each cup of darkness and of pain ?
Oh, tell me, ye presiding Nine !
What means this strange, perverse design ?

Ah ! natures of exquisite mould,
Whose sympathies refined unfold
To all that is exalted, bright,
Prove too susceptible to the blight
Of every dark or clouded hour,
Of every harsh, unfriendly power.
Where common clay is unimpress'd,
Strong feelings stir the sentient breast.
Each cruel breath that passes by
Calls forth the sad responsive sigh ;
Each tone of anguish, deep and sharp,
Sweeps mournfully the spirit's harp,
And wakens echoes low and dim,
Which, like the holy vesper hymn,
With music mingles plaint and prayer
Within the inner temple there.

From Harold's travels, on we stray
To other scenes as fair as they ;

In gems and idyls then to find
New openings of the ardent mind ;
Outpourings, such as shadow forth
The heart's deep mystery and worth ;
Reflecting light upon the scroll
From out the high and sensitive soul.
Such natures seem but sent to show
How brightly genius' light *may* glow ;
To waken wonder and surprise,
And then regain their native skies.

Then weep no more the poet's fate !
He lives above, exalted, great ;
While to his melodies so fair
The *angels* give attentive ear,
And to his harp of golden string
Attune their voices fine to sing.

ART GONE?

AND art thou gone indeed? on flutt'ring wings
Report flies hitherward, and to me brings
A mournful whisper of thy sudden death.
And is it even so? thy final breath
Hath died away, and thou art sunk to rest?
Ambition's fires quench'd within thy breast?

Those fires from whence high deeds of daring flow'd,
Have they consumed the heart wherein they glow'd?
The master-mind, too powerful and bold,
Hath it spurr'd on to death the mortal mould?
For not amidst the battle's stir and strife,
Hast thou exchanged thy restless life for life.
Not where the field with crimson tide is red;
Not there, amidst the dying and the dead.
But to thy quiet home, they say, Death came,
And struck from off life's roll thy warrior-name.
E'en while the victor's crowning laurel shone,
Wert thou by stronger Conqueror o'erthrown!
Alas! these sudden, sorrow-telling words
Are like sad hands that sweep my spirit's chords;
Producing with each touch a plaintive tone,
A wail of melancholy deep and lone!
But in the secret recess of my soul
The grief I'll hide, which I cannot control;
And though that soul in tears itself relieve,
Yet none shall know for *whom* I really grieve;
Then farewell, soldier! though thy wedded cause
Was one to which I could not yield applause,
Although mistaken, yet thy valor's light
Encounter'd not the faintest tinge or blight.
Farewell, brave man!—for thou wert boldly brave,—
And Friendship droops, a mourner, o'er thy grave.

THE BLIND GIRL.

'Twas twilight's sweet and softly pensive hour,
And, with the magic of his parting power,
The sun had brightly painted land and sky
With mingled shades of rose and amber dye,
When I, in search of some sequester'd spot,
Had idly stray'd from mine own rural cot.

There, in the grave-yard, 'neath the willow's shade,
An unobserved retreat I thought I'd made;
When on mine ear there stole a plaintive tone,
Which faintly warn'd me I was not *alone*.
I turn'd; when lo! the vision that I met
At once dispell'd impatience and regret.

In attitude of holy, peaceful prayer,
There knelt a maiden marvelously fair.
I gazed upon the form of artless mien,
The marble brow unruffled and serene;
And though the downcast eyes I could not see,
I thought how soul-expressive they must be;

How sublimated as the purest gold
Must be the spirit tenanting the mould

So perfect and unmarr'd to human view ;
How pious must the heart be, and how true ;
With impulse generous only could it mate,
In unison with purity pulsate.

The fresh and grassy earth beneath her lay,
The running streamlet near, in numbers play,
As o'er their narrow, pebbled bed below,
The crystal wavelets seem'd to gush and flow,
And scatter freely glistening dew-drops round,
Which, mingling with the green and heathy ground,

Like diamonds sparkled, when we brilliants find
In setting with the emerald combined.

The sunlight linger'd still with parting day,
The maiden bent beside the grave to pray ;
But when, at length, from slab of grayish hue,
She turn'd on me those eyes of azure blue,

A pang, so sharp I ne'er had known before,
Thrill'd through, and smote my trembling spirit o'er.
It seized upon my heart, till, chill and cold,
It seem'd my wavering senses to enfold.
Those orbs, which I had fondly hoped to find
Reflecting intellect and gifted mind,—

Oh, sad to tell !—were sightless, nor could see
The varied and surrounding scenery ;

While she, whom I had deem'd in charms so blest,
Was Sorrow's child—by darkness thus oppress'd.
The skies, which beam'd for me so bright and fair—
Oh, lonely truth!—to her were blank and drear!

The scatter'd flowers in diverse robes array'd
To her disclosed not e'en a single shade!
My soul in Pity's flood sunk low and deep;
My heart within my breast could only weep.
I moved towards her side, and strove to speak,
But tears, impeding, mark'd my sadden'd cheek.

At length, my voice to my command I woke,
And thus to her in anxious accents spoke:
“Oh, tell me, gentle Spirit, if thou ne'er
Hast gazed upon the earth or heavens fair?
Hast never turned a comprehending eye
Upon the god of day—the star-lit sky?

“Hast ne'er beheld the ether space above,
Nor look'd on those who share with thee thy love?
Hast never seen a mother's tender face,
Impress'd with feelings which affections trace?
Hast ne'er experienced, and never known,
Those blessings which belong to sight alone?”

Oh, sad the answering look of that pale face!
But soon a glow angelic seem'd to chase

Away its gloom ; when, with inspired tone,
She thus replied : “ Although I ne’er have known
The gift of vision, nor have ever seen
The sky so fair, the earth so fresh and green,

“ Have ne’er beheld a mother’s face, nor know
How much of pity there for me might flow,
Although in vain I lift my eyes on high,
And often at my lonely lot I sigh,
Nor know the colors in which Nature’s drest,
Yet do I deem myself not *all* unblest.

“ For He who deigns to mark the sparrow’s fall,
Extends His care and providence to all ;
And though I may not *see* the world He’s made,
Nor watch the blossoms bloom to life, or fade,
Nor note the change each season doth reveal,
The presence of my God *within I feel* !

“ And when beside this grave I come to pray,
’Neath which a loving father’s ashes lay,
Although I hear no human voice or tone,
I never think that I am all alone.
For e’en within the evening zephyr’s sighs
The voice of God I seem to recognize.

“ The same refreshing breeze that *you* may feel,
With balmy breath, doth o’er my temples steal ;

My brow it kisses, and my burning lips,
The thirst and fever from them softly sips ;
Among my loosen'd locks it gently plays,
And stirs my soul to voluntary praise.

“The flow’rets, too, that gem the moss-grown ground,
And bloom for you in varied hues around,
Which carpet brilliantly the yielding earth,
Not all in vain for me do they have birth ;
The same kind breeze, with friendly, wafting wings,
Their sweet and grateful fragrance to me brings.

“And though the feathery train I ne’er behold,
Nor see them spread their pinions, or enfold
Them ’gainst their downy breasts, yet each sweet note,
Each pure and plaintive symphony afloat,
Awakens in my inmost soul a voice,
With Nature to respond, and to rejoice.

“For there’s a spell in harmony and sound,
And each melodious echo wafted round
Is fraught with meaning to the blind girl’s heart,
Intenser far, perhaps, than sounds impart
To those who should bless God for eyes that see
With gift of vision disenthral’d and free.

“’Tis thus the Mighty One doth compensate
And lighten miseries that mark the fate

Of those He loves. Then let me, O my God !
To Thy behest submit, and kiss the rod—
The chastening rod, which has denied me sight,
Confessing, whatsoe'er Thou dost is right !”

The maiden ceased ; her words had stirr'd my soul
E'en with emotions that defied control ;
Upon its troubled depths they fell like oil,
Or gentle dew that penetrates the soil,
Awakening with its life-diffusing power
The latent seeds of foliage and flower.

They served a solemn lesson to impart,
Long pregnant with instruction, to my heart.
I mark'd that faith, so perfect and so bless'd,
Till tears gush'd forth, that were but half repress'd,
And to this spot again I often stray'd,
To meet, at eventide, the sightless maid.

MY BIRDIE.

His plumage is of gold refined,
With gleams of amber laid,
While here and there 'tis interlined,
With soften'd pencil shade.

Last night my little birdie hung
In his accustom'd place,
Where all day his notes had rung
With tenderness and grace.

But with the coming morn I heard
No more his merry trill;
The night had chill'd my pretty bird,
And made his music still.

The cruel winds, with unkind breath,
Stole through the casement near,
And almost frighten'd him to death,
By whispering in his ear.

They told the little soul within,
Of storms and gales without;
Of tempest's sounds and ocean's din,
And vessels toss'd about.

Of shipwreck'd mariners they spoke,
Upon the wild sea cast,
Who had been torn by Death's last stroke
Away from spar and mast.

Such dreadful tales of war and wind
The timid thing was told;

What marvel that I thus should find
Him trembling and cold?

And now he sits the whole day through
Upon his dreary perch,
As solemn as if perch'd on pew
Of chapel, or of church.

Dear little warbler! is it true,
You're thinking of sad tales
The night-winds whistled out to you,
In angry sobs and wails?

Then, gentle songster, come to me!
That I may soothe and calm;
That I may warm and fondle thee
In my encircling palm.

I would not like to see thee die,
To droop with cold and pain,
To close thy tiny, sparkling eye,
Nor hear thy voice again.

So many lessons thou hast taught
To my complaining heart,
With sweetness and contentment fraught,
From selfishness apart.

Then, downy darling, do not fear !

I will not hang thy cage,

Another night, by casement drear,

Where winds in war engage ;

Where snowy drifts and bitter storm

The crevices may fill ;

Assail my birdie's tender form

With deep intent to kill.

Then cheer up, wee one ! let me hear

Those crystal notes again,

That used to ripple o'er my ear

And antidote my pain.

C O L U M B I N E.

I WANDER'D through the garden,

In morning's early hour,

And from the dewy blossoms

I cull'd a simple flower.

It grew not on high branches,

Nor on extending vine ;

But near the ground, quite lowly :

It was the Columbine.

While gazing on it, idly,
I pluck'd its leaves apart,
And read therefrom a lesson,
Impressive to my heart.

The lesson was of Nature,
And Nature's gracious God ;
Whose skill had brought the flower
So perfect from the sod.

The leaves were vein'd and shaded,
Of deepen'd emerald hue ;
On stem of graceful bending,
The purple blossoms grew.

The corolla was compounded
Of tiny cups complete,
Arranged within each other,
As with precision neat ;

As though some potent Artisan
Had carried out a plan
Design'd to waken wonder
Within the mind of man.

And, stirr'd by strange emotions,
My soul on upward wings

Gush'd forth to offer praise to
The Author of all things.

For He who form'd the flow'ret,
With beauty rare and rife,
And for its growth provided
It with organic life,

Is He whose might sustaineth
The worlds He's made in space ;
Whose hand throughout existence
Where'er we turn we trace ;

Is He by whose ordaining
We draw the vital breath ;
Whose will alone decideth
The hour of our death ;

Is He the lark that guideth
On wings that upward fly,
When vanishing from vision
In journey through the sky ;

And oh ! while on thee gazing,
Thou lovely Columbine !
No marvel that the spirit
Should grosser thoughts resign.

But not alone, sweet flower !
From thee do we acquire
Those lessons, deep, instructive,
Which elevate, inspire :

Each blade of grass surrounding,
Each bud that gems the sod,
With eloquence ennobling,
Speaks of Almighty God.

Each wayside bears his token ;
Each mossy bank and dell,
Each brook with rippling murmurs,
Of Him, their anthems tell.

God's works are revelations,
Where all who see may learn
Of mercy and provision,
Through every leaf they turn,

As easily as a Newton
Deciphers His control,
And bows, in searching nature,
With reverence of soul ;

Thus, from the sacred volume,
The infant mind may read

Of the o'erruling Power
Which governs plant and seed.

All things throughout creation
Speak purpose and design ;
E'en from the lofty stars, to
The lowly Columbine.

SPIRIT BREATHINGS.

By the dying light
Of the fading day,
Ere the shades of night
Steal the sun away ;
In the twilight hour,
When the earth seems fair,
With a spell and power,
Spirits whisper near !

When this holy time
Calmness doth impart,
And the evening chime
Echoes through the heart ;
From the misty past
Shadows then appear ;

As I met them last—
Friends beloved and dear.

From the world unseen,
Whither they have fled,
Seem to breathe between
Spirits of the dead,—
Moving softly round,
Voices on mine ear,
With mysterious sound,
Seem approaching near.

To each whisper'd word,
To each tone of love,
Answers low are heard,—
Murmurs from above.
And the spell divine
Carries me from earth
To the bound'ry line
Of new life and birth.

Can it be a dream
Wherein thus I dwell?—
Do things only *seem*,
Which can thus impel?
Oh, if such it be,
I would ever dream ;

In my ecstasy—

Only have things *seem* !

Welcome, golden light

Of the parting day ;

Thou, my soul, take flight ;

Pass from earth away !

With the disenthral'd,

High communion hold !

Wherefore be appall'd,

Spirits to enfold ?

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

OH ! weep not for me, dear friend ! when I die,—
The voice of the wind will round my tomb sigh ;
A requiem 'twill breathe above my deep rest,
When earth presses o'er my once throbbing breast.

Then weep not for me !—weep not for the dead !
Let dews of eve be the only tears shed.
Lament not my loss ! the willow let wave,
And sole mourner be to droop o'er my grave.

Oh ! think of me as one freed from the chain,
Whose fetters of flesh brought bondage and pain :

If mortals with earth should fail to agree,
'Tis merciful, then, when God sets them free.

Recall how I long'd, through life's weary way,
From life to escape forever away,—
Then shed not a tear, but rather rejoice,
When still'd is my pulse and silent my voice.

A little while yet, and we will unite,
Where Time is absorb'd in Eternity's light ;
Where soul unto soul, and mind unto mind,
Can intercourse hold, uncheck'd, unconfined.

Then weep not for me ! weep not for the dead !
Let dews of eve be the only tears shed.
Oh, waste not thy grief, but rather rejoice,
When still'd is my pulse and hush'd is my voice.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

IN vain I strive to loosen
The chains around me cast,—
The galling chains of memory,
That bind me to the Past.

But not a link will sever,
And not a tie will break ;
The present hath no power,
My dreaming soul to wake.

I wander through the by-gone ;
I wander all alone !
And voices hush'd, forever,
In each familiar tone,

Are round me still resounding ;
I cannot bid them cease ;
Although they bear reproaches,
That rob me of my peace.

I cannot say, Be silent :
They whisper in my ear,
Until my soul is trembling
With penitence and fear.

I hear low footsteps falling,
The air with echo rings ;
While viewless hands are binding
My spirit's airy wings.

I cannot fly, nor leave them,—
These strange and fleshless ones !

They read each thought and feeling
My stricken conscience shuns.

The more I would escape them,
These fetters round me cast,
The closer still they hold me
Unto the haunting Past.

I gaze into the mirror
Upheld before my eyes,
Whose surface is undimmed,
Except by human sighs :

I see the dreary shadows
Of lost and wasted years ;
Each spectre wan and ghastly
My coward conscience fears.

The wrongs I have committed,
Like ghosts from out the tomb,
Arise, and stalk before me,
In dark and funeral gloom.

The good I have *omitted*
Throughout those years now gone,
The works I have neglected,—
So easy to have done !

WHEN TO CALL.

The deeds of love I've slighted,
The talents I've misspent ;
Those talents never *given*,
But only to me *lent* !

But lent to me by Heaven,
To be again return'd
Unto the Mighty Master,
With *other* talents earn'd !

WHEN TO CALL.

"Call on me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—PS. xv.

ON Thee, O God ! then let me call,
When trouble's day is nigh !
For Thou wilt be my refuge, all !
Wilt hear me from on high.

This promise from Thy holy book
With hopeful heart I take,
That Thou wilt deign on grief to look,
And pity for my sake ;

For my poor human sake, and all
Thy fragile ones of clay ;
That Thou wilt hear each weary call,
Nor turn Thine ear away.

That Thou wilt raise the fainting heart,
Bow'd down with weight of woe ;
As from the rock Thou caused to start
The living fountain's flow.

That Thou wilt dissipate the haze
That veils from view the sun,
And fill our souls with strength and praise,
To say, "Thy will be done."

But not alone in *trouble's* day,
O Father ! let me fall
Before Thy throne to plead and pray,
Or only *then* to call.

When pleasure's rays before me shine,
And flowers round me grow,
Then let my grateful praise be Thine,
From whom all blessings flow.

When weak and tempted on the way
Of life's uncertain course,

Then let me for deliv'rance pray,
Of Thee, Eternal Source !

Eternal Source of life and light !
Of hope, and trust, and ALL !
Oh, let my soul to Thee take flight,
On Thee implore and call !

I HEARD THE YEAR DEPART.

I HEARD the vanish'd year depart !
His footsteps echoed through my heart,
As o'er Time's bridge he seem'd to flee,
And drop within Oblivion's sea.

And fain would I have follow'd him
Adown his journey dark and dim ;
I would have lain upon his breast,
And sunk with him to final rest.

But I in life's sad web was bound,
Held in by subtle threads around ;
I had no choice, but *here* to stay
And listen to his requiem lay.

Yet I recall his natal day,
When cheery welcomes o'er his way
Were strewn, and he, so young and bright,
Blush'd in the dawn of new-born light.

But he is gone, and with him fled
Bright hopes and joys forever dead ;
Sweet dreams that had their faith in him,
That with his life grew faint and dim.

QUESTION—WOULD YE WISH TO
LINGER?

Oh, would ye wish to linger,
Fatigued and weary-hearted ?
Say ! would ye care to tarry
When joys had all departed ?
When hopes once fondly trusted
Lie all unlink'd and shatter'd,
Like richly-laden vessels
By tempests toss'd and scatter'd ?

Oh, would ye wish to linger
When Memory's light had faded ?
Or when its golden sunshine
By heavy clouds was shaded ?

When night alone surrounded
The heart in darkness steeping,
And naught could stay the spirit
From sorrowing and weeping?

Oh, would ye wish to linger
When darling dreams had vanish'd,
The ardor and devotion
Of even love seem'd banish'd?
Like roses in the autumn,
By summer left and slighted,
Till rude advancing winter
Had every blossom blighted.

Say! would ye be contented
Thus gradually to languish,
To feel within the bosom
The deepening of anguish?
Or would ye, would ye rather,
In life's still buoyant blooming,
Sink peacefully to slumber
Within the earth's entombing,

Whilst yet the heart was freshest,
And love its light imparted,
Before despair corroded,
Or hope had nigh departed?

For many a gathering tempest,
And many a chilling sorrow,
The early dead escapeth,
That wait upon the morrow.

ANSWER—I WOULD NOT WISH TO
LINGER.

I WOULD not wish to linger
When loved ones had departed ;
In this dim world to tarry,
Alone and broken-hearted ;
When from life's tree had faded
Its freshest, greenest branches,
Be left to brave the tempest
Amidst its change and chances.

I would not wish to linger
When friendship fondly trusted,
With golden chain once perfect,
Was rent in twain, or rusted ;
Nor when the spirit's fervor—
That God-inspired treasure—
Had ceased to warm and color
The life still left with pleasure.

Till worldly cares corroded
The heart's impulsive feelings,
And left us cold and selfish
In thoughts and daily dealings :
For Time, although a *robber*,
More than he *takes* may *leave* us ;
And they are bless'd of Heaven
Whose deaths the earliest grieve us.

Then let me die in Spring-time,
Or Summer's joyous season ;
With trusting soul uncheck'd by
Philosophy's cold reason !
When trees are full and leafy,
And forest birds are singing,
I'd have my chainless spirit
Its heavenward course up-winging.

I'd have my mem'ry verdant
As grasses o'er me growing,
Reflecting warmth and sunlight,
As streamlet brightly flowing ;
Amidst the glow of nature,
Her breathings low and tender,
My soul, undimm'd in freshness,
To nature's God I'd render !

ANNIE.

I STOOD beside thy coffin,
And watch'd thee lying there,
But ne'er had seen thy features
So calm and pale appear.

I stoop'd and kiss'd thy forehead ;
How marble-like and cold !
The hand I took was nerveless,
Nor gave responsive fold.

But yester-night it rested
So warmly in my own,
While you and I were talking
In old familiar tone.

We little dream'd then, Annie,
That Death was hov'ring nigh ;
That ere another sunset
'Twould be *your turn* to die :

Oh ! solemn is that angel
That comes with unheard tread,—
Whose touch converts the living
Unto the cold and dead !

So strange and so mysterious !
With subtle power to steal
The life-blood from the pulses,
And all the senses seal !

I brought the freshest flowers,
And laid them on your breast ;
I call'd you by your name, dear ;
But naught disturb'd your rest.

You've pass'd the mystic portal
That bars *that* world from *this*,
And found, I trust, dear Annie,
Its promised joy and bliss !

Your life was pure and blameless ;
Its angel deeds, maybe,
Have won for you the laurels
Of bright eternity.

They bore you to the altar,
And laid you softly there ;
While he, the rev'rend father,
Invoked his pious prayer.

He'd known you from your childhood,
And spoke of your young days,

Devoid of guile and evil,
And full of holy ways.

The sacred choir chanted
Its hymn so bright and blest ;
To "Angels ever fair,"—
To take you to their rest.

And, oh ! that strain angelic
Stirr'd through my sentient soul,
Until the unshed tears fell,
Resistless of control.

And which of us, by striving,
Can tell whose turn 'twill be
The next, this life so transient
To leave, and follow thee ?

Oh that my house in order,
Like thine, was only set !
I'd hail my near departure,
Unconscious of regret !

I would not wish to linger
Beyond to-morrow's sun,
Had my appointed labors
But faithfully been done !

WOMAN—WHAT WOULD LIFE BE
WITHOUT HER?

WHAT without its crest would be the mountain?

What the desert blank and drear,

What, without oasis, tree, or fountain,

Something wanting everywhere?

Day without a sun,—as cheerless;

Night without a moon,—as dark;

Winter, raging cold and fearless,

Yet devoid of warmth or spark.

Woman! word of woe and sorrow;

Sorrow deep, though all her own;

Yet sweet source from whence to borrow

Consolation's truest tone!

Wells of grief within her springing,

Hidden by the sunshine fair;

Lonely echoes through her ringing,

Yet producing music rare!

On her bosom's snowy pillow

Rests the tiny head secure,

Free from storm and raging billow,

Moor'd in anch'rage safe and sure.

Dimpling smiles there breaking brightly,
Greet her lullaby so low.
Rest thee, baby, nestle lightly ;
Ne'er so true a friend thou'lt know.

With its years the mind discloses,
O'er the heart steal childish cares,
She it is whose love disposes,
Kisses off the April tears.
Time flits by. The boy advances
On to manhood's golden prime ;
She, in love so strong, the chance is,
May in strength with years decline.

And he notes her footsteps falter,
Till the silent grave they gain ;
Falls he then before God's altar,
Sending up his wail of pain.
Thus heart-riven, sad and lonely,
Whither turns he for relief ?
Here 'tis woman, woman only,
Shares the burden of his grief !

Maid, with hopes on him all centred ;
Life, in his young spirit bound ;
She upon his soul has enter'd,
Brought her love to close his wound.

Though a mother's face he misses,
 Though her smile is from him gone,—
Tender voice and gentle kisses,—
 Yet he is not all alone !

When disease has darkly won him,
 To his couch *she* softly steals ;
Though the fever-chains be on him,
 Hers the cooling touch that heals.
Through the chamber dull and dreary,
 Sunbeam-like, she softly glides ;
Uncomplaining and unwearied,
 Angel-like she there abides.

To his lips, consuming, drying,
 Crystal drops she holdeth up ;
Lifts the head that's drooping, dying ;
 Gives him from the nectar-cup.
Dripping hands o'er temples burning,
 There, the fire gently slakes ;
Fingers passing and returning,
 Light and cool as fresh snow-flakes.

Should a fear assail his spirit,
 Should despondency oppress,
She, with love and Orphic merit,
 Tunes her voice to cheer and bless.

Woman ! blessing best and dearest
God vouchsafes to thankless man ;
Sweetest fruit of seed the fairest
In Creation's golden plan !

BREAK THE BOND.

Oh, break the bond that fetters thee to sin,
And let the floods of glory enter in !
Tear down the veil which shades thy view from good,
And rise superior to this brooding mood !
Because thy heart is rankling dark with grief,
Dost doubt all truth and promise of relief ?
Dost say this wondrous world will glide to void ?
Then take the cup, and be thy spirits buoy'd !
Of Faith's bright flowing potion freely drink ;
For joy is sparkling to its very brink,
And every crystal drop to thee is given,
As dew that falls refreshingly from heaven.
Then take the life-sustaining cup and drink,
Nor in thy weak presumption idly sink !

Oh, still the tempter's voice within, that would
Entice thee far away from right and good !

And listen to these echoes low and deep,
Those conscience-breathing tones that o'er thee sweep,
And on thy recreant spirit let them fall,
As on the sin-molested soul of Saul
From David's harp the sweet notes fell, and bade
The evil spirits vanish into shade.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

A WAIL is heard from yonder isle,
A wail of deep despair.
The mighty lion there enchain'd
Is restless in his lair.

His haughty spirit, unsubdued,
Beats 'gainst his panting breast :
The giant mind still schemes and plans,
Although by bars oppress'd.

But not oppress'd the intellect ;—
No bolt nor bar can hold
The busy workings of a brain
So vigorous and bold.

To frame his thoughts in daring acts,
His chains defy, inveigh :—

The fetter'd form is impotent
The spirit to obey.

How can *he* brook this vile restraint,
This state debased and tame?
He, at whose sight the world stood awed,
Who wonder'd at his name?

How frets and groans the heaving heart
Against the ruffled breast!
The iron of his prison-bars
Has pierced his soul oppress'd.

How trembles now the once strong hand
To burst each galling chain;
To pulverize the barren isle,
Or rend its rocks in twain!

His breathings are constrain'd and check'd,—
Like Egypt's noble Nile,—
Held by the flinty barriers
That threaten and revile.

Is this a fitting home for *him*,
The hero of the world,
Whose potent grasp the coronet
From realm to realm hath hurl'd?—

Who kings and queens hath made at will,
Hath built and broken thrones ;
Whose master-touch the world's great heart
Hath fill'd with trembling tones ?

Oppression's rule exiles him thus
From kindred kind apart ;
And Europe hears, unpitying,
The sighs which rend his heart !

Too high the flight ambition made !
His crime lies in his power,
And jealous fears retain the key
That locks him in his tower.

Ah ! thus, alas ! with glory oft ;—
Its greatness seals its fate !
The loftiest aims, too lofty made,
Their purposes frustrate.

IN RESPONSE TO AN EXPRESSED
DOUBT.

AND so thou fearest, when this life is o'er,
That thou and I may meet, dear friend, no more ;
But that we may divided be, indeed,
By alter'd views, or different shades of creed,—
The change of *form* which marks our worship here,
May separate us in the other sphere.

Alas ! to one so kind, how must this thought
With cruel anguish be entwined and wrought !
Thy loving heart how wildly must it wring,
Athwart thy soul what gloomy phantoms fling !

For well I know thou wouldst not choose
My presence ever from thy side to lose !
Thou wouldst not choose that we should never fold
Our souls together, nor communion hold !
To meet no more ! Oh, bid the thought begone ;
Of false enthusiasm is it born !
And sooner doubt religion that would teach
Mankind, who fain a higher state would reach,
That *outward pomps* alone can lead him there,
Or God will hear but certain forms of prayer.

Think rather, creeds and sects are there undone,
Or, what is equal, blended into one.

The love of GOD ! If this indeed inspire
The human breast, what more doth HE require ?
I doubt not when this troubled life is o'er,
That we shall meet upon the Peaceful Shore.
As sure as man's immortal, he'll retain
Identity, and kindred ties regain.
And we will know each other heart to heart ;
Nor sect, nor creed, can hold us *then* apart.

To worship GOD ! *this* is His potent will !
The form availeth not ; 'tis worship still.
All recognize, by instinct or by sense,
Throughout creation His omnipotence.
The savage who, with reverential eye,
Inclines his gaze towards the sunlit sky,
And there, before the burning god of day,
His soul untutor'd offers up to pray,
May be as true in homage and in praise
As he whose oft-repeated, pious lays
'Neath gilded dome of consecrated fane
Resound. Like him, he seeks alone the main
And mighty spring of life within, around,
Of things uncomprehended that abound

Throughout the universe. Like him, also,
His is the sacred privilege to know
A power supreme and self-existent lives.
All animated life this knowledge gives ;
All Nature, with her voices far and wide,
From ocean's depths to mighty mountain side,
Proclaims it audibly, this living truth ;
To Age she shouts, and whispers it to Youth.

Thus, worship render'd with a pure intent—
All worship for the Highest Power meant,
Without regard to doctrine, sect, or creed—
Is worship still of the true God, indeed.

Although the road each takes bears different name,
The goal that's sought by all is yet the same ;
And though a little distant here we roam,
We'll reach at length the same eternal home.

The Force that serves to strengthen and to buoy
Our fragile barks through life, will ne'er destroy ;
For are we not eliminations sent
From the Omnific and Omnipotent ?
As rays proceeding from the sun above,
Are we reflective from the God of Love ;
And when these rays on earth shall cease to burn,
To Him, their source, they must again return.

Then fear not, when life's pilgrimage be o'er,
That we, dear friend, shall meet beyond no more !
When from their tenements of grosser clay
Our souls shall separate and soar away,
The aspirations and the hopes long pent
Within our nature's limit, shall find vent.
Ah ! then we'll upward and we'll onward soar,
By shades of doctrine confused no more.

HELICONIAN SPRING.

THY waters flow with lustre bright,
Sweet Heliconian Spring !
Thy vocal waves of crystal light
Their golden bubbles fling.

Thy bosom, so transparent, clear,
Reflects in varied shade
Those thronging fancies, soft and fair,
Which poets' breasts invade.

'Tis here thy vot'ries steal at eve,
To drink thy nectar free ;
The flowers of thought to cull and weave,
That grow and twine round thee.

Here deathless names of days gone by,
Thy eddies have impress'd ;
Of those who breathed life's fervent sigh
Upon thy glowing breast.

For ancient is thy sparkling birth ;
Since first from out the mount
Pegasus struck the sacred earth
Whence forthwith gush'd the fount.

'Twas here she'd come with sadden'd brow,
Thy treasured stores to glean,—
To breathe of love, her fondest vow,—
The Muse of Mitylene.

Yes, Sappho, yes ! Ethereal light
Still hovers round to tell
How thy impassion'd soul, so bright,
Burnt with poetic spell.

For of thy melody, each tone
With laurels crown'd thy name ;
While yet thy heart beat sad and lone
Amidst its boundless fame.

Too pure are spirits such as thine,
Too fine for mortal clay ;
Too sublimated and divine,
With common earth to stay.

CONSCIENCE.

WHAT is this monitor within,
So low, yet so distinct,
That with the sinews of the soul
Seems intimately link'd ?

And through its chambers most obscure,
It echoes far and wide,
In waves of sound that surge and sway,
Like ocean's restless tide.

It beats against the troubled breast,
Though stern the nature be,
As rocks are rent and shaken by
The wild, resistless sea.

And hark ! I hear a strong man speak.
His voice is low and deep ;
Though none but One those words should hear,
As murmur'd in his sleep.

“ Be still, be still, thou warning voice,
My troubled spirit's guest !
I cannot bear thy beating tone
Against my heart oppress'd !

“ Oh, hush ! or grant me respite from
Thy whisp’rings strange and wild !
Why unrelenting wilt thou be
To earth’s misguided child ?

“ Why am I doom’d in chains to writhe,
Thy coward, crouching slave ?
Though all the world I may defy,
Not vainly *thee* can brave.

“ Why shackled thus, and thus constrain’d
To hearken to thy tone ;
That, wander wheresoe’er I may,
I cannot be *alone* ?

“ Thy keen upbraidings follow close ;
Strict vigils dost thou keep.
Oh for some opiate to lull
Thee, Conscience, back to sleep !

“ Why from thy slumbers have I call’d,
Or roused thee from thy rest,
To fling this weight of dread remorse
Athwart my quivering breast ?

“ Why have I stray’d from life’s fair path,
To pluck this cruel thorn

Which festers in my heart all day,
From night again till morn ?

“ Oh, wherefore do we wander from
The forward course of Right ?
'Tis hard, when once we lose the way,
To find again the light !

“ 'Tis hard that jewel to regain,
Thy inward peace and balm,
To stifle back the haunting voice
Which robs the soul of calm.

“ In vain I've striven to elude,
To break from out thy thrall ;
Nor yet escaped in solitude,
Nor in the crowded hall !

“ I've met thee in the forest lone,
In deepest wood and dell ;
Thy voice within the silence round
Hath o'er my spirit fell.

“ I've heard it 'midst the festive scene,
Where joy seem'd but to flow ;
With each heart-throb its echoes came,
Like tickings sharp and low ;

“ Till, like a clock set in my soul,
It seem'd e'en meant to run
For evermore its ticking course,
And never to be done.

“ And when the sable midnight holds
Her solemn, mystic reign,
It ghost-like steals into my dreams,
My sleep of rest to drain !

“ That virtue yields her income fair,
And 'is its own reward,'
My soul, confess ; and know that the
Transgressor's way is hard !

“ Then, oh, absolve me, conscience stern,
An erring child of clay,
Who'd fain regain the narrow road
That leads to light and day !

“ For though the world its sanction yields,
And smiles upon our deeds,
The heart, from thence to draw content,
Thy just approval needs.

“ There is in life no recompense
That is not fairly gain'd,—

No prize of worth, except it be
By honest means attain'd.

"Oh, Conscience! I believe in thee,
Thou agent of the One;
With solemn mission in the heart
To urge, 'His will be done.'

"Thou guide infallible, unseen,
To tempted mortals given,
To caution against shoals of sin
And pilot on to heaven."

"HOW TO LIVE," AND "HOW TO DIE."

TO DR. J. D. W.

THANKS for the lesson "how to live;"
To learn it we should try;
For of itself 'twill surely give
The knowledge "how to die."

A well-spent life will easy make
The final passage o'er
The bridge of Time that we must take
To the eternal shore.

And duties fill'd with faithful care,
And blessings to us given,
Enjoy'd with grateful hearts while here,
Are steps that lead to heaven.

Then one whose useful days go by
In service to his kind,
Will surely, in "the hour to die,"
His compensation find.

For He who teaches "how to live"
The life that's only lent,
Will also teach thee how to give
It back again when spent.

REMEMBRANCE.

Ah ! happy 'tis, when years are fled,
To wander back in truth,
Amidst the fragrance flowers shed,
And rainbow-tints of youth.

Remembrance ! golden chain to stay
The Present to the Past ;
The floating mist of yesterday
Around to-day that's cast.

And there reflected, dimly though,
Are pleasures crowding fast ;
Those joys too bright for life below,
Too beautiful to last.

We tasted them in vanish'd years,
And mourn'd they would not stay ;
And now, despite our grief and tears,
They come again to-day.

In pensive mood we close our eyes,
And visions of the true
Steal through the haze of mem'ry's skies,
Though mellow'd in each hue.

The friends we loved, the hands we press'd,
Are here,—are in our own !
The voices kind, that cheer'd and bless'd
In each familiar tone ;

Like evening breezes wafted o'er
Æolic harp so low,
Come sweeping back from that far shore
They went to long ago.

SAVE ME.

GOD of mercy, hear my prayer !
 My inmost heart to Thee I bare ;
 Its deep recesses dark and drear,
 Where mortal sight can never peer,
 Unveil'd, uninterrupted lie,
 Reveal'd to Thy all-searching eye.
 There's not a thought and not a sigh,
 By Thee unmark'd can rise or die.

There's not a pain whose crushing weight
 Bows down my heart disconsolate,
 That links me to a bitter fate,
 And makes me misery's constant mate ;
 There's not a doubt or discontent
 By which my brooding spirit's rent,
 And not a feeling hush'd or pent,
 Eludes Thy vigilance intent.

There's not a tear in secret shed,
 Nor dark remorse to which I'm wed,
 For by-gone hours misspent and dead,
 By Thee, O God, unmark'd, unread.

Then save me from my pending fate !
Oh, save me from temptation's bait !
Remit me ere it be too late ;
Redeem me through Thy mercy great !

Before Death's night its shadow flings
Athwart my spirit's drooping wings,
Oh, save me from the sin that brings
But sorrow to the soul it clings ;
From weaknesses which all infest,
And make the human heart their nest,
That torture the unwary breast,
Refusing it repose or rest !

Oh, save me from the cruel wrong,
That in my soul I've nursed so long,
Until its gloom is fix'd thus strong
As to that soul seems to belong !
Then let Thy strength abide with me ;
And let my love, O God, for Thee,
A guiding index henceforth be
To lead me to eternity !

INSPIRATION.

'Tis inspiration, gift divine,
That sways the sentient soul ;
Whose light and rapture strong, combine
To stir without control !

It moves the spirit in its source,
With power of strange degree,
And bears it on with potent force
'Twould ne'er resist nor flee.

It sweepeth as a seraph's wing,
O'ershadowing the heart,
Reflections bright around to fling,
And glory to impart.

'Tis inspiration's breath ignites
The spark of genius' fire ;
That kindles all its dormant lights,
- And wakes the living lyre.

'Tis inspiration that doth light
The poet on his way ;

That lends to gloomy shades of night
The glowing torch of day.

'Tis inspiration doth unfold
The truth within, that lives,
That turns the ink to liquid gold,—
The pen its mastery gives :

That lights the eye, so strange and wild,
With lustre not its own ;
That gave to Byron's favor'd "Childe"
A voice of heavenly tone.

To inspiration, thanks we owe
For every noble name,
O'er which can never cease to flow
The breathings warm of Fame.

For inspiration, true and fair,
Is not an earth-born seed ;
Although we find the flower here,
From higher source proceed

The hand and power that shed it round
Within the yielding soil,
That plant the stem in fertile ground
To blossom without toil !

'Twas inspiration, mystic spell,
That tuned Apollo's lyre ;
'Twas inspiration did impel
The strange Promethean fire.

'Tis inspiration, music's soul,
Whose notes afar extend ;
Whose harmonies from pole to pole,
Enraptured echoes blend.

'Twas inspiration call'd to birth
Homeric skill divine ;
That scatter'd Horace's odes o'er earth,
To linger through all time.

That moved with strength a Milton's mind
Unto conceptions bright ;
And though the poet's eyes were blind,
It lent him heavenly light.

'Twas inspiration that awoke
The harp of modern days,
That with each rare and master-stroke
Produced ecstatic lays.

It swept the strings that Byron play'd,
With grand and plaintive sound ;

Throughout his life with him it stay'd,
And left him world-renown'd.

To Shelley's page its gleams it brought ;
To Rogers, and to Moore,
'The pleasures of sweet memory taught :
A Lalla Rookh it bore.

On Southey's heart it shed its balm ;
On Campbell and on Scott ;
It gave the world a gentle Lamb,
That ne'er can be forgot.

THE ONLY HOPES I CHERISHED.

I TENDED it and nursed it,
I watch'd it day by day ;
And yet, my dream so lovely
Took wings and flew away !

I held it to my bosom ;
I press'd it to my heart ;
And in that hour blissful
I thought 'twould ne'er depart.

It was so sweet and joyful,
To feel it resting there ;
With each ecstatic impulse,
To each heart-throb so near.

'Twas bound within existence ;
I lived but in its light ;
Who would have thought the treasure
Could vanish out of sight !

But tell me, did you ever
Select a beauteous flower,—
While watching o'er it daily,
And tending it each hour ;

While feeling so securely
That it was wholly thine,
Nor thinking it could gather
One dark or withering sign ;—

Oh, tell me, did you ever,
While in your joy supreme,
All suddenly see vanish
Your bright and blissful dream ?

Ah ! thus it was my flower
Was broken from life's stem ;

Thus early was it blighted,
My pure and priceless gem !

And since that hour fatal,
Existence has gone by
Upon a rugged pathway,
Beneath a clouded sky.

The *only* hopes I cherish'd
Around my flower grew ;
And when it died and left me,
They paled and perish'd too !

THE MAY OF 1868.

THROUGH winter's long and weary day,
Oft have we thought of thee, oh May !
When every scene so chill and drear
At thy approach should disappear ;
When frost and snow, the ground that traced,
Should by thy roses be displaced ;
For ah ! we'd known thee since a child,
And at thy coming always smiled,
To welcome in thy light and grace.
But now we meet an alter'd face !

Thy brow is dark and void of mirth,
Thy footstep falleth o'er the earth ;
Thou comest like a friend estranged,
In everything, save *name*, so changed ;
Thy tones are harsh, thy hand is cold,
No more thy sunshine doth enfold
The scene ; thy voice moans sadly by,
As with complaint in every sigh ;
While chill'd and grieved we turn away,
And wonder if this *can* be May !

Oh, cease that wail ! it fills my soul
With sadness which resists control ;
With every gust that round it sweeps,
My melancholy spirit weeps :
It weeps to think that hopes most prized
Are ne'er, or rarely, realized,—
That where we turn for warmth and light,
We meet repulse and with'ring blight,
The soul to chill, the heart to sear ;
'Tis disappointment everywhere !

There are no flowers to bloom to-day,
Or deck thee out, O mournful May !
The little seed in earth that's sown,
Above it hears thy dismal moan,

And keeps its buds and blossoms down,
Afraid to meet thy angry frown ;
Afraid thy cold, unfriendly breath
Might mar and cause a sudden death.
Thy golden smile, so wont to cheer,
Is sadly missing everywhere.

The trees around, that should be seen
Array'd in robes of tender green,
Their leafless branches sway and bend
With every blast thy bleak winds send,
As though they held communion strange,
At this, O May, thy ruthless change ;
As though thy faith they e'en suspect,
And whisper of thy keen neglect ;
They miss the birds that sweetly sing
Among their branches every spring.

The very stream whose murmuring voice
So oft hath bade my heart rejoice,
Seems even alter'd in its tone,
Since May has thus capricious grown ;
It hath a cadence sad and low,
That through my spirit seems to flow.
While gazing on its glassy breast,
No smile disturbs its sullen rest ;

No dimpling sunbeams there invade,
But all is cold, unwelcome shade.

Though autumn may for summer sigh,
And weep for flowers that fade and die,
May has no cause thus to enshroud
And veil her radiance 'neath a cloud.
'Tis time thy tears should cease to lave
And water vanish'd winter's grave.
All April through, spring's grief was shed,
And March winds moan'd its parent dead.
'Tis nature's law, the aged *must* go ;
Then bid thy sorrow cease to flow.

It seems as though regret and ruth,
Transferr'd unto the brow of youth,
Triumphant sat, as though intent
To crush back nature's proper bent,—
As though indulgence they'd deny
To every kindly sympathy.
O May ! break from this vile restraint,
And cast aside each wintry taint ;
Oh, let thy smile illume and bring
To birth the sights and sounds of spring !

MAY SPIRITS NOT COMMUNE?

THE sun is sinking, dearest,
Is fading from the sky ;
And I am dreaming, dearest,
O'er days that are gone by.

But thou art absent, dearest,
Long, distant miles away ;
My voice thou never hearest,
When raised for thee to pray :

And most I pray at even ;
At hush of holy hour
My voice goes up to heaven,
With sacred strength and power.

And often, while I'm kneeling
In solemn prayer for thee,
Comes o'er my soul the feeling,
Thy spirit's near to me !

Nor time nor space can wean us—
Our faithful love and fond !
Though oceans roll between us,
They cannot break the bond.

And to the loving-hearted,
When sweet keys are in tune,
Though distant each be parted,
May spirits not commune?

TO THEE, O GOD!

To Thee, O God ! though oft I pray,
Though oft my voice I raise,
As bending by Thy throne each day,
In supplicating praise,
I find my spirit yet is bow'd,
By wrong and grief oppress'd;
It struggles 'neath misfortune's cloud,
And longs in vain for rest.

Then why, oh, why does it not gain
The hoped-for goal of peace?
Why do my prayers not banish pain
And cause my sorrows cease?
Although to Thee my heart makes known
Its woes and weakness all,
As oft again I find it prone
In weakness still to fall.

So oft, again, I find each sin
Which I've to Thee confess'd,
Steal dark and serpent-like within
To tempt my feeble breast.
Yet will I trust and strive for right
As often as I stray ;
I'll turn my spirit towards the light,
To Thee again I'll pray.

I'll battle till the better part
Within me victory gains ;
Till virtue triumphs in my heart,
And sin is laid in chains.

TO THE QUEEN OF MAY OF MOUNT
DE SALES.

CROWNED MAY 18, 1859.

'Tis sweet to view the budding flower
Unfolding bright and fair,
Disclosing every passing hour
New beauties, rich and rare ;
To watch it in its yielding spring,
As hearts are turn'd to thee,

In hope and trust its days may bring
A ripe futurity.

Thou art a flower of blooming May,
A blossom fresh and fair ;
No other plant upon this day
Can with thy charms compare.
The violet droops in modest shade,
To meet thine eyes of blue ;
Its own perfections seem to fade
Beneath their heav'nly hue.

The roses, too, are paler grown
Beside thy blushing cheek ;
By contrast, half their bloom is flown,
While they look pale and weak.
Thus e'en the lilies, which we deem
So wondrous pure and white,
If near thy snowy brow, might seem
E'en touch'd with shades of night.

Thy gentle form of perfect mould,
A Hebe seems to move ;
The rosy goddess doth enfold
Thee with her youth and love.
The Graces all, united here,
Seem eager to excel,

To show how beautiful and fair
The home is where they dwell.

And thy sweet features freely give
An index to the heart,
Where purity alone can live,
Or virtue form a part.

Contentment true should fill each breast
Of those who train'd thy youth ;
Whose early lessons have impress'd
Thy soul with faith and truth.

They've watch'd the seed from childhood's hour,
They've pointed out the light ;
They've led thee forth, with pious power,
Within the path of right.
In their pure hearts fresh joys combine ;
Their recompense is here,
Although the gem they'll soon resign
Unto the parent's care.

For thou wilt leave the convent wall,
And in new scenes engage,
To deck the gay and festive hall,
Or move upon life's stage.
But wheresoe'er thy steps may roam,
Still breathed on high for thee,
From out the "Sisters' " sacred home
Their holy prayers will be.

O lovely BESSIE ! bright and fair
Enchantress of the day !
Thy friends have gather'd round thee here,
To hail thee QUEEN OF MAY.
Thy classmates all, with but one voice,
United, firm, and free,
Have made the favorite their choice,
And placed the crown on thee.

And suited is that brow so well
A coronet to bear :
Its queenly beauties seem to tell
'Twas form'd for fate so fair.
While sixteen summers scarce have fled,
Have pass'd thy graces by,
'Tis beautiful to see thee led
To fill this place so high.

Auspicious seems the present scene,
Of years that are to be ;
When Fortune with kind hand may glean
Life's golden hours for thee ;
May lead thee through Elysian green,
Her triumphs to impart ;
Not only there to reign May Queen,
But *Queen of every heart.*

I'M KNEELING BY THY GRAVE.

I'm kneeling, sister, by thy grave;
I feel the fresh'ning air;
The weeping willows o'er me wave,—
But, oh, *thou* art not here!

I see thy name upon the tomb,
That name beloved and dear;
I know within its silent gloom
Thy form is resting there.

And though thy grave I cannot pass,
I'm bending here in love;
Though fall my tears upon the grass,
My heart still soars above.

My spirit wings its upward flight
Beyond the cloudless sky,
To where thine own hath taken flight
With sinless souls on high.

And seest my heart, O sister dear!
As by thy grave I rest?
I pluck a flower and place it here
Against my aching breast.

I stoop and kiss the sacred earth
That presses o'er thy head,
And feelings strange spring into birth,—
Oh, sister ! *art thou dead ?*

Thou art not dead ! for nothing dies ;
No, nothing God has made ;
The plants and flowers beneath the skies,
They die not, though they fade.

They fade to spring to life again,
More beautiful and new ;
So fade we here from grief and pain,
And brighter lives renew.

Thou art not dead ! but only flown
To being more intense ;
Thy bright perceptions brighter grown,
Sublimed in every sense.

I know thy home afar is made
With angels in the skies ;
Where flowers bloom that never fade,
And music never dies.

And oh ! I know when time shall roll,
For me, on earth no more,
We'll meet each other soul to soul,
On the Eternal shore.

WHERE ART THOU?

TO H——.

ART wandering o'er the deep,
O friend of other years?
My vigils lone I keep,
In sad and silent tears.
Where art thou?

Art borne to distant land,
From kindred far away,
No friendly voice, nor hand,
Thy lonely heart to stay?
Where art thou?

Art where the billows sweep,
And plays the light sea-foam,
O'er ocean's briny deep,
Far, far removed from home?
Where art thou?

We've waited long in vain
For word or sign from thee,

And scarcely thought again
Thy cherish'd form to see.
Where art thou?

The question will intrude
Throughout the weary day,
And steal from joyous mood
The spirit's light away.
Where art thou?

Long years have circled by
Since, parting from thy home,
Was breathed the farewell sigh,
And turn'd thy steps to roam.
Where art thou?

For since that hour of tears,
Though hope the heart then buoy'd,
But changing doubts and fears
Have fill'd the weary void.
Where art thou?

And can it e'en be so,
That while our watch we keep,
Thy human joy and woe
Are shrouded in Death's sleep?
Where art thou?

Oh ! cruel, unkind fate !
That drops its misty veil
O'er doubts disconsolate,
Nor answers back the wail,
Where art thou ?

But still, through hope and fear,
'Twill be our sweetest task
To breathe thy name in prayer,
E'en while we vainly ask,
Where art thou ?

STILL FALLS THY VOICE UPON
THE EAR.

STILL falls thy voice upon the ear,
Its music lingers yet ;
But mingles with that music clear
An echo of regret,—
Regret that fate should almost blend
The meeting, and “good-by,”—
Should doom the hour we claim'd thee “friend”
To breathe the parting sigh.

But since removed by fate's decree,
Since parted from thy smile,—

I'll tell thee what I'd love to be,
To watch o'er thee the while :
I'd love to be an angel bright,
To hover near thy form,
To chase away the clouds of night
And shelter thee from storm.

No shaft of pain or sorrow's dart
Should reach thy cloudless youth,
Should enter thy confiding heart,
Or mar its gentle truth ;
And flowers fair around thy path
Should waft their fragrance sweet,
Should banish earthly pain and wrath,
That fain thy steps would meet.

Nor tempest dark should threaten more
To dim thy youthful pride ;
I'd spread my wings to shade thee o'er,
And turn its breath aside.
I'd lead thee with my radiant light,
To realize each hope ;
Each dream that fancy pictures bright,
With golden keys I'd ope.

And from each cup thou'dst seek to drink,
I'd turn all doubt away ;

I'd overflow it to the brink,
With bliss as bright as day.
And thou wouldst marvel thus to view
Each scene to thee unfold,
All beaming o'er with lustre new,
And bright with sparkling gold.

But since my *flight* I may not wend,
Thy guardian thus to be,
And though to earth I must descend,
In dreams I'll watch o'er thee.
My thoughts will bear thy name on high,
In prayers I daily breathe,
To ask the Master, ever nigh,
Thy life with joy to wreath.

DEATH IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO MRS. P. F. S.

THE child is lonely all the weary day ;
His toys lie round neglected, and his play
Forgotten seems ; his wonted merry tone
Is hush'd, while ever and anon a moan

Bursts wildly from his swelling breast ; his words
Come forth in broken sobs, as though the chords
Of that young heart were lying all unstrung.
What grief hath thus his infant spirit wrung?
Why are his tender years thus doom'd to share
The cup of Disappointment and of Care?

Close nestling to his mother's side, his eyes
Gaze sadly into hers, while answering sighs
Respond to his bereaved and lonely heart :
How can she consolation now impart?
She, who is stricken by the same harsh blow,—
Whose anguish from the same sad cause doth flow?
Behold ! upon near couch extended there,
A little form so delicate and fair ;
That face smiled sweetly yesterday, but now
'Tis cold, and Death is written on the brow.

Yes, she is dead ! the only daughter gone !—
What wonder if the stricken mother mourn?
In that same hour that closed her earthly day,
How many hopes maternal died away !
How many dreams then springing into birth
Alike were crush'd and crumbled unto earth !
She's dead ! no marvel that the boy shed tears ;
The sweet companion of his early years

Is lost to him ; he'll miss the joyous tone ;
Long will he feel, without her, sad and lone.

But ever and anon that mother's side
He quits, while soft and slow his footsteps glide
Across the room, towards the tiny bed
Where sleeps the little sister, pale and dead.
Oh, wond'ringly he strains his mournful eyes,
As though the mystery of Death, which lies
Before him there, he fain would solve—'tis death,
He knows, and parted is the fleeting breath
From out the mould—her play on earth is o'er ;
Of death, than this fair boy, who knoweth more ?

And baby brother, scarce from arms escaped,
In lisping syllables that words half shaped,
Says, " Sister sleeps too long : I want to play
With her ; oh, wake her up !" They draw away
The infant's falt'ring steps ; they cannot bear
The words of that unconscious one to hear.
Poor babe ! he hath not learn'd to understand
The gloom or weight of sorrow's heavy hand :
Then why should he lament, why should he weep,
When Death itself he knoweth not from sleep ?

That little sister's form will soon be hid
And veil'd forever 'neath the coffin-lid ;

They'll lay her softly down to her last rest,
The grassy mound of spring above her press'd ;
For it was when the vernal buds were rife,
She drooped and faded from the tree of life ;
The very loveliest blossom of all May,
That drifted from the parent-stem away ;
But watching angels caught the treasure bright,
And wafted it on high to realms of light.

Dear little one ! God hath been kind to thee,
To break the chain of thy mortality,
And send His messengers on earth to bear
Thee early upward to thy native sphere,
Before a worldly taint had touch'd thy breast,
To take thee home to thy eternal rest.
Though broken hearts press round thy new-made grave,
And bitter tears the grassy sod will lave,
Yet those who loved thee most would not recall
Thee back from heaven, to earthly pain and thrall.

THE LOCK OF GRAY.

TO E. M.

THINE eye is bright, thy cheek is fair,
Yet 'neath thy curls of jet
A tiny lock of silver hair
Seems there so strangely met.

Thy step is light, thy tone is gay,
That floats upon the air :
How found that little lock of gray
A home with one so fair ?

With one so fair and young as thou,—
A child, almost, in years,—
Yet on thy clear and sunny brow
That badge of time appears.

'Twould seem thy heart of spring's sweet prime,
While in its careless flow,
Was met by frost of winter time,
That left a flake of snow.

'Twould seem youth's streamlet gay and proud,
Reflecting the clear sky,
Was check'd as by a sudden cloud
Of sorrow passing by.

And was it then the breath of care
Which touch'd the lock with hoar,
That ripples through thy dusky hair
And shades thy temples o'er?

Oh, if eclipsed by sorrow's dart
Has been thy pleasure bright,
Still kind and true it left thy heart,
Though e'en subdued in light.

It left thy spirit pure and free—
Its music-notes abound—
While no untuned or hidden key
Rings forth discordant sound.

It left the loving and beloved,
Begirt by friendship's chain,
Whose golden links, long tried and proved,
No power can rend in twain.

Then do not grieve, or in sad dream
That lock of white regret ;
'Tis beautiful as silver stream
'Midst waves of glossy jet.

But down life's calm and peaceful glade,
 May long years roll away,
Ere grief's chill hand, or sorrow's shade,
 Another lock turns gray.

THE POET'S HEART.

Ay, watch his cheek and mark his eye,
 As shadows fall and part,
With varied thoughts that treasured lie
 Within his poet-heart.
Upon his brow the light will play,
 Reflected fancies gleam,
That draw his soul from earth away
 Unto celestial dream.

A sound or tone of music heard
 His spirit will impel ;
A gentle sigh or murmur'd word
 For him will hold a spell.
A world is his from common earth
 Secure and undefiled ;
He seem'd almost from very birth
 A strange and dreamy child.

He'd watch the sun at even-time
In grandeur fade and die,
And listen to the vesper chime,
With soul-illumined eye.
And when the glitt'ring worlds would blend
Within the arch above,
Each silv'ry star he'd claim as friend
And kindred in his love.

He would converse with evening's breeze,
When softly floating by ;
And as the winds sough'd through the trees,
He'd answer back each sigh ;
While zephyrs fresh that kiss'd his cheek,
His brow that lightly fann'd,
The mystic language they would speak
His heart could understand.

Beside a fount or crystal stream
His haunt he often made,
To muse alone in pensive dream,
While merry waters play'd.
And as the wavelets fell apart,
Each tidal motion low
Responded to his poet-heart
And caused sweet thoughts to flow.

And thus he grew to man's estate,
From common earth apart ;
The Muses twined with theirs his fate,
And stole his dreaming heart.
And yet the world enough receives
From that bright life within,
In varied links that fancy weaves,
To claim him friend and kin.

For if throughout life's troubled dream
The poet's pen impart
A ray of hope, or sunny gleam,
To one desponding heart,
Ah, then his task is not in vain,
Nor vain his holy toil,
If he let fall, 'midst thorns of pain,
One rose to grace the soil.

I SET MY HEART UPON A DREAM.

I SET my heart upon a dream
As beautiful as day,
But ere my heart had clasp'd the dream,
The dream had died away !

I gazed with joy upon the sky,
Where all seem'd blue and clear ;
But while I gazed, the light pass'd off,
And naught but clouds were there !

I sought the world, and friends I found
While fortune's star shone bright ;
But I was left alone to mourn
When adverse grew the night.
With vain impress I took my boat,
And thought to sail alone :
I trusted in myself to find
A world to call my own.

With impulse free and spirit buoy'd,
I seized the ready oar,
I push'd my boat towards the sea,
And soon I'd left the shore.
But once embark'd upon the deep,
With weak and single hand,
Ah ! then I long'd my ship to store—
I sigh'd it was not mann'd.

The currents rose, the winds blew high,
I heard the tempest's sound,
The lightning's flash reveal'd at once
The rocks and shallows round.

Without a guide in this dread hour,—
Without a harbor near,—
I felt my feeble senses fail,
My soul turn sick with fear.

I fell prostrate upon the deck,
And raised my voice on high,
Imploring for protection from
A Power beyond the sky.
Then, 'midst the gloom that shrouded all,
A sudden light sprung up,
A ray of hope fell gently o'er
My dark and bitter cup.

I watch'd the ray with holy trust
Until it grew quite bright,—
Its glory seem'd to give me strength
And lead my heart aright.
With index clear, it pointed out
The only course to try,
And written through that course I read,
On God alone rely!

When next I sent my boat abroad,
With faith I stored it well;
I mann'd it strong with truth and trust,
Nor fear'd the tempest's swell;

And when the ocean heaved and rose,
When winds blew fiercely round,
They never harm'd the little bark,
Whose hopes in God were bound.

IN REPLY TO "KATIE IN HEAVEN."

"Stay with the angels,
And keep me a place."

"KATIE in Heaven" is sweet as a bird,
When its low music at twilight is heard ;
Softly it steals through the sentient heart,
Wak'ning the depths in its shadiest part.

"Katie in Heaven !" dost hear the lone voice,
Calling its darling—its heart's vanish'd choice ?
Full of the love that is boundless and free,
Reaching from earth up to heaven and thee ?

Yet, with the love so unselfish and pure,
Bidding thee rest with the angels secure ;
Then, when the journey of life shall be o'er,
Welcome him home to Elysian shore.

"Katie in Heaven!" low hymn of the heart!
Volumes of faith do the sweet words impart;
Hope, like a fountain, outflows with the sound,
Awakening echoes responsive around.

"JUST AS I AM."

JUST as I am!

By grief oppress'd;

Just as I am!

With guilt-stain'd breast;

Just as I am! I come to Thee:

Then spare, O God! and comfort me!

Just as I am!

Temptation-bound,

Begirt by sins,

That frown around;

Just as I am, I bend the knee,

And lift my soul, dear Lord, to Thee!

Just as I am!

Life-sick and weak;

Just as I am!

Thy throne I seek:

No native health or strength is mine :
Endue me, Lord, with strength of Thine !

Just as I am !

With hope o'ercast ;

No ray to turn

To in the past ;

The present dark, the future cold ;

My trust in Thee alone I hold.

EVELENE TO THEODORE.

I AM thinking of thee, dearest,

Wand'ring in a foreign land,

Parted from the friends the nearest,

By the distant ocean strand.

How I miss thy fond affection,

And thy voice so true and kind !

How I strive against dejection,

Which o'ersweeps the heart and mind !

But 'tis vain ! thy absence leaveth

Want and void none can supply ;

And my lonely spirit grieveth

As Time's lagging steps go by.

Haste thee home ; uproot the sorrow
Grown like weeds upon my way ;
Then I'll smile at least to-morrow,
Though I only weep to-day.
Let thy tone, sincere and loving,
Harmonize my troubled breast ;
With its mellow music proving
All suffice to lull to rest.
Though the sunlight warm be kissing
Ardently each plain and hill,
Since thy face to me is missing,
Nature's self seems changed and chill.
Nature's self seems ever haunted,
Haunted by thy memory !
Where thy footsteps stray'd undaunted,—
There the groves seem fill'd with thee ;
There thy name seems ever spoken,
Breathed upon the summer air ;
Every note, complete or broken,
Seems to have of *thee* a share.

Theodore ! the breezes sing it ;
Theodore ! the brook repeats ;
Theodore ! the wild birds ring it,
Answering to my lone heart-beats.
Everywhere, then, Nature's beauty
Brings but scanty joy to me ;

For my soul owns but one duty
In the chorus raised for thee.
When Aurora bright is peeping,
O'er the east, at break of day,
Till the stars their watch are keeping,
Theodore! for thee I pray.
And when Night, with sable curtain,
Welcomes man to slumber deep,
When I sleep I'm always certain
In my dreams thy form to meet ;
But on waking, sadly sweepeth
Disappointment o'er my heart,
And my soul in sorrow steepeth,
With the thought, we are apart.

Haste thee back, oh, hasten, rover!
Homeward o'er the distant main ;
Evelene awaits her lover
In his native land again.
Gentle breezes, softly blowing,
Waft the bark that bears him o'er,
Fill the sails with graceful flowing,
Till he reach this friendly shore.

AMONGST THE GRAVES.

THEY laid him down amongst the graves,
Within the lone churchyard,
Where grows the yew, the willow waves
Above the grassy sward ;
Where flowers too, in early bloom,
Blend with the verdure there,
And, twining round each silent tomb,
Shed fragrance on the air.

In evening's hour, at set of sun,
Beside his grave to pray,
With gentle step there cometh one
Who loved him in life's day ;
Who loved him with that fervent truth
That few on earth may feel ;
With all the strength of passionate youth,
That words can scarce reveal.

Beneath the softly bending trees,
She sinks upon the sod ;
And, wafted by the murmuring breeze,
Her voice goes up to God.

So peaceful is the golden air,
So calm the scene around,
Her orisons fall low and clear,
Unbroken in each sound :

“ O Father ! since it was Thy will
To bear him far from me,
Submission in my soul instill
To Thy supreme decree :
Subdue within my feeble breast
Each wrong rebellious plaint ;
Although my spirit droop oppress'd,
Although it sink and faint.

“ Still give me strength through all to pray
To Thee, Eternal One !
And let my heart, though breaking, say,
‘ Thy will, not mine, be done ! ’
For well I know Thy ways are good,
What shape they e'er assume,
And mortal-kind in meekness should
Receive the mortal doom.

“ Then may I tread with humble heart
Life's rough and weary way,
Until in mercy Thou shalt part
The spirit from the clay.

Till Thou shalt bid forever cease
The fever-dream within,
And grant me, with *him*, rest and peace
From sorrow and from sin.

“For, oh ! I know his soul refined
With Thee hath refuge now :
His godlike purity of mind
Was written on his brow.
How sinless were his deeds of life !
How chaste his thoughts would flow !
He scarce was fitted to the strife
Of this rude world below.

“And oh, I watch’d him day by day,
With trembling hope and fear,
Till he from hence was call’d away
To fill his native sphere.
And then I knew that on this earth
The dreams the first to fade
Are those which have the brightest birth,
Of rarest flowers made.

“Here will I kneel at holy eve,
Beside his silent grave,
My supplications pure to weave,
The sod with tears to lave.

And here, when life is ended all,
Oh, may I sink to rest ;
The blue and gold of heav'n my pall,
My heart above his breast !”

*A SKETCH.**HOPE TRIUMPHANT.*

SHE turns towards her native land,
And fondly waves her snowy hand,
While gayly glides the bark along,
And backward floats her parting song :

“ Farewell, dear mother ! Fare thee well,
My father tried and true !
'Tis destiny which breaks the spell
That wedded me to you.

“ We cannot hold on earth below
Uninterrupted joy ;
The cup of pleasure may not flow
Unmingled with alloy.

“One sunbeam, gliding through the heart,
Another may displace :
From your protection I depart
To meet his fond embrace.

“I bear your smiles within my soul,
Your voices on mine ear ;
And when I reach the distant goal,
They'll tarry with me there.

“And he, to greet his absent bride,
Is ling'ring on the shore :
Oh, swiftly, then, thou changing tide,
Our gallant skiff waft o'er.

“He'll prove to me the changeless friend
That each of you has proved ;
Our hearts, though *two*, in *one* will blend ;
He'll love me as you've loved.

“Then farewell, home and kindred ties !
Farewell, ye wood and grove !
In other lands, 'neath other skies,
My steps must learn to rove.

“Thus onward dash, ye billows strong,
Till we meet heart to heart !

How shall I count the hours long
Which keep us still apart !

“ For teeming fancy bears to me
A picture bright and rare ;
From out the seal'd futurity
It dawns upon me here.

“ And we are wandering side by side
Within that golden clime,
While through a silv'ry, sparkling tide
Floats on our happy time.

“ We drink the nectar of the breeze,
And revel in the spell ;
Whilst brilliant birds amongst the trees
In music rare excel.

“ And grateful fragrance, wafting round,
The richest off'rings yield,
While flowers of every hue abound
Throughout the fruitful field.

“ Of *you* we'll talk in rosy hours,
Dear friends of youthful days ;
Within our green and vine-clad bowers
We'll whisper of your praise.

“Oh, Harold, love ! I come to thee !
Be still, impatient heart !
Thou canst not make the moments flee,
Or faster e'en depart.”

But, while she speaks, her damask cheek grows pale,
Her accent and her voice imperfect fail :
Her beauteous bosom heaves with quick surprise,
And wonder gazes from her soul-lit eyes.
What hears or sees she thus to cause this change,
So overwhelming and so passing strange?

The sky, a moment since serene and fair,
Is alter'd suddenly to aspect drear.
The tempest's breath has risen fierce and wild,
And shrieks in frantic voice around the child ;
While, lo ! the scene she gazed on with delight
Is all eclipsed by dismal shades of night.
'Tis thus the happy smile and bitter tear
In quick succession oft, alas ! appear.
The vivid lightning sweeps in flashes past,
And sends its glitter amidst spar and mast,
While, like sea-demons, in the lurid glare,
The frowning rocks in dread array appear ;
The roar of thunder deafens every ear,
While death and danger hover darkly near :

And 'midst each wail of woe, each human moan,
Estelle is left forsaken and alone.
Each mind upon its threaten'd fate intent,
On self-salvation every thought is bent.
But, 'mongst the sick'ning cries which rend the air,
And dread confusion reigning everywhere,
She utters not a moan ; her very breath
Seems hush'd almost as though in death.
Alone she sits, disconsolate and fair,
A fragile prey to gathering despair.

'Twould seem her very charms might prove
Suffice stern Nature's troubled breast to move ;
The mournful glances of her drooping eye
Might shame the anger from the ebon sky.
But no ! as uncheck'd passions grow in rage,
The elements still wildly war and rage.

But while, as statue-like, upon the deck
She sits, her golden tresses o'er her neck,
Her ivory arms so listlessly flung by,
Her snowy breast disturb'd by scarce a sigh,
As though this apathy were e'en denied,
A phantom figure towards her seems to glide.
His vestures are of dark and sombre hue ;
His looks her bosom with strange life imbue ;

His face with such a ghastly pallor spread,
That, gazing on't, her own grows like the dead.

“Why rest thee here?” he speaks, in freezing tone :
“Thou, ’mongst my many victims, thou alone
Refusest in this wild and with’ring hour
To feel the blight of my all-blighting power.
Thou knowest me now ! as I draw near,—
My breath hath quench’d thy calm,—my name is
FEAR.

Ah, mark the many writhing in my grasp !
Their hearts’ cores round relentlessly I clasp ;
They dare not hence the potency deny
Of one confess’d a god in times gone by ;
Of one to whom Hostilius* meekly bow’d,
And tremblingly his mighty temple vow’d ;
Of one who in each age and land imparts
Unmanly terror unto coward hearts !”

Obedient to the phantom’s will, the maid
In spirit and in soul became afraid :
A thousand terrors, until then unknown,
O’ersweep her senses with menacing tone ;

* Fear and Paleness were supposed to be gods, and were worshipped by Tullus Hostilius.

Sensations new her timid bosom rend,
Until her own with others' wailings blend.
She turns with horror from each blacken'd wave,
And shrinks instinctive from a wat'ry grave.
With life she is not then so quick to part !
For FEAR has e'en enslaved her anxious heart,
Until beneath his glances chill and dread
She falls as one inanimate and dead.

Yet, unappeased, the elements rage round,
The ocean deep with angry tones resound,
The boist'rous air with human moanings fill ;
But morning finds the scene subdued and still,—
All hush'd to rest, and calm'd for aye,
The souls that pass'd into eternity !
Dread spectre DEATH hath cast his sceptre o'er,
And borne their spirits to the boundless shore.

One form alone hath he refrain'd to sweep
Amidst those sleepers 'neath the treach'rous deep.
And sleeps she too,—though not the sleep of death :
Her locks are stirr'd as by returning breath ;
Her beauteous lids, so delicate and white,
Are trembling to disclose the spirit's light ;
Her parting lips have breathed a dreary tone :
She starts, and wakes, to find herself alone.

Alone ! No kindred mortal by or near !
The thought disconsolate renews her fear.
Alone upon the briny, boundless deep,
Thy vigils, poor Estelle, alone to keep !
And, with reviving mem'ry, steals apace
Her absent Harold's fond and loving face.
She ne'er must see him,—thought disconsolate !
And who will bear to him the tidings of her fate ?
Alas ! her dreams of rosy hue are o'er,
And soon she'll gaze upon the sky no more !
And, oh, the calm which o'er her senses steals
Is worse than blows that startling Terror deals !
It is the desolation Sappho bore,
When all of hope for her in life was o'er.
The surging waves forever must divide
Her from her Harold—from her lover's side !

Ah, Phaon, cruel youth, who could destroy
The lovely maid of Lesbos' only joy !
Whose fickle heart could ever learn to stray
From her impassion'd spirit far away !
From her enamor'd soul, her potent love,
O beauteous youth, ah, wherefore couldst thou rove ?
How sacrifice her to that treach'rous sea
Which flows beneath Leucate's promontory ?
To thy sad fate who could a tear refuse,
Thou gifted one, thou Mytilenean muse ?

Thy harp's low plaints through ages reach us here,
Its last sad echoes vibrate on the ear :
They breathe of love, volcanic in its flow,
Condemn'd to burn, yet languish here below.

Thy fate, Estelle, though sad, is scarce so fell
As hers of whom the ancient legends tell.
Not falsehood holds thy Harold from thy heart,
As Phaon held from Lesbos' maid apart ;
Though sever'd from him by the surging sea,
Each pulse beats true alike to love and thee.
But lo, where now she sits so still and drear,
A soft and downy step is stealing near ;
While o'er her brow the morning zephyr plays,
She turns,—a vision new hath met her gaze,
With form so lovely, face so radiant bright,
That's almost dazzling to her wav'ring sight !
Oh, beauteous goddess ! “ Who,” she cried, “ art
thou ? ”

While pleasure kindled o'er her pallid brow ;
And while her features caught each joy and grace
Reflected from the seeming fairy's face.
The deesse spoke ; and lo ! her soft words fell
Like strains at eve pour'd forth by Philomel.
“ I come,” she said, “ with pious power given
In mercy from the mighty throne of heaven.

I come the first, the latest to mankind,
His fainting heart with Gilead to bind:
I come, when friendships trusted fall away,
To wake from darkest night the living day;
Where gath'ring evils threaten to infest,
I make my empire in the human breast;
And there, as ancient poets oft have sung,
I cling, as in the fabled box I clung."

The maiden drew a long and happy sigh,
While HOPE her gleaming anchor held on high:
"Look up!" she cried, "the clouds have nearly pass'd,
The sky with golden glory is o'ericast:
Thy honor'd lord, thy Harold soon thou'lt see;
Believe the prophecy, and follow me."
Glad were the feelings which within awoke:
The prospect o'er her mental view that broke,
A moment more sweet HOPE herself confirm'd;
Estelle her lovely eyes of azure turn'd,
While, ploughing gayly o'er the surging deep,
A fairy shallop towards her seem'd to leap;
The promised haven and her Harold's love in view,
Impulse alone can prompt her what to do.
With one light bound she clears the sinking wreck,
And lights upon the vessel's snowy deck,
While on it speeds o'er foaming wave and sea
To bear her to her destined Italy.

Though to the tender and impassion'd soul
The hours 'tween itself and wish'd-for goal
Seem ever long, while time seems brief
Which lies between us and expected grief.
At length the harbor's reach'd through sparkling tide,
And Harold hastes to meet his blushing bride ;
He clasps her to his grateful, throbbing breast,
While on her brow are kisses warm impress'd.
So much, alas ! she'd braved for him alone,
That he can scarcely think her yet his own,
So much of cruel danger had she tried,—
His fair Estelle, his ever-worship'd bride.
But she in present bliss forgets the past ;
Suffice for her, 'tis o'er ; it did not last !
Hope's fairest promises are here attain'd ;
The lovers' loving dream accomplish'd,—Eden gain'd.
Cling thus, young hearts, and may you always know
The bliss of being loved, and loving so !
May no dark cloud, or even mist, float by,
To mar the glory of love's starry sky.
Yet, firmly to thy soul as now she's bound,
Till life's last moment, may Estelle be found.
From home and kindred sever'd by the dang'rous sea,
Thou art her all,—may she be always all to thee !

ENVY.

SHOULD envy grow within thy breast,
'Twill rob thee of thy peace and rest:
Then let it not a moment stay,
But pluck it by the roots away ;
Its subtle power ever flee ;
'Tis deadly as the Upas-tree,
And will consume thy purity.

In ancient days a goddess she,
Though shrouded in iniquity :
Her temple then, as now, she made
Within the gloomy spirit's shade ;
And from the weak, unwary breast
Expell'd or check'd each better guest,—
Each impulse pure that might have bless'd.

Foul Envy hath a thousand eyes
Engaged to act as menial spies :
She sees far more than may appear,
And often less than what is clear.
Each peaceful breath that's drawn by thee

To her will gall and wormwood be ;—
Then from her presence quickly flee.

Her aim is dark and all unseen ;
Her arrows enter deep and keen,
Their venom'd points to force and fling,
Before thou feel'st their piercing sting ;
Oh, summon all thy strength to foil
The serpent in her cruel coil
Around thy nature's yielding soil !

With fell design, from thy weak heart
The fondest ties she'd rend apart :
The fount of love that flows for all,
Her fetid breath would turn to gall ;
Would cause to rust, with grief and ruth,
The spirit-links that bind to truth,
That wed thy soul to spring and youth.

A speck of doubt within the cup,
Her monster-breath would fan it up ;
While all the sweets existence waft
Would soon become her potent draught.
Of those enslaved within her fold,
She ne'er relaxes in her hold,
But turns to dross the purest gold.

Resist her for the ties of love ;
Resist, lest love should hatred prove ;
She'll cause thine eyes to view with pain
Thy brother's joy,—his honest gain.
The noblest deeds display'd to sight,
O'ershow'd by her deadly blight,
Will e'en appear as dark as night.

Thy secret soul she'll cause to quail,
Thy coward heart to moan and wail,
At very thought of others' joy :
Thy better self she will destroy.
For Envy is the instrument
That foulest fiends might well invent,
When on their vilest plots intent.

To make their victims writhe and smart,
They'd plant it in the human heart :—
For sure no torture can bestow
More mortal agony and woe.
The cruelties his kind to grieve,
A Nero might himself conceive,
Are light, to pains that Envy'll leave.

Then turn from her enkindling breath ;
'Tis fraught with ruin, and with death

To cherish'd hopes, to godlike traits ;
While, lo ! the soul with sin it sates.
Should evil Envy through thee rage,
She'll sully life's unblemish'd page,
Thy sunny youth will turn to age.

DROOP NOT, BROTHER.

DROOP not, brother, 'neath thy burden ;
Boldly bear thee up ;
Weep not wildly, though life's anguish
Mingle in thy cup.

Dash aside the tears of sorrow
Gath'ring in thine eyes ;
Cast thy vision never downward,
Lift it towards the skies.

'Tis not earth can ease thy sadness ;
Light comes from above !
There, unfathom'd springs are flowing,
Flowing bright with love.

Seek those springs, and drink their waters,
Full of healing joy,

Free from waves of toil and trouble,
Void of sin's alloy.

Worldly gain and worldly gladness
Are but transient things ;
Like the dust that quivers o'er the
Butterfly's bright wings.

Falter not beneath thy burden !
Boldly onward bear !
Thou shalt find, when o'er thy journey,
Better days draw near.

Work, while strength to thee is given ;
Duty's line keep clear !
Such the mission of God's creatures,
Work in hope,—not fear !

Light the lamp of faith within thee ;
Keep the wick afloat ;
Till it guides to solid haven
Thy unsteady boat.

LIFE'S DAY.

A CHILD was at sport by the break of the day ;
She play'd in a garden exquisitely bright,
While blossoms and buds that enamel'd her way
Gave back her gay smiles beneath June's rosy light.
Each dew-drop of morn like a diamond-spark shone,
And varied in color with each changing breeze ;
The stream murmur'd by her in musical tone,
While through lofty branches of beautiful trees
The wild birds were trilling, and humming the bees.

As gladsome as they, as delighted and free,
The little one roved, and her laughing blue eyes
Were dancing with lustre of innocent glee,
And rival'd the azure of summer's bright skies.
Like a fairy young sprite was she frolicking round,
Engaged in the game of the butterfly's chase ;
Her tresses of gold were with rose-blossoms bound,
Investing her features with magical grace.

The moments sped onward, and varied the light ;
On step soft as velvet the time tripp'd away ;
The sun overhead grew more brilliant and bright,
Until it wax'd strong in the noontide of day.

She look'd for the dew-drops, and, lo! they had fled!
Each crystalline gem had departed and gone;
The flowers around, though their fragrance still shed,
Seem'd scarcely so bright as they'd done in the morn,
And even disclosed here and there a sharp thorn.

Now over that brow so unruffled and fair
Had gather'd a slight, though a visible, shade:
The skies of her childhood that smiled everywhere,
Oh, who would have thought that a cloud could in-
vade?
The liquid blue eyes from their depths look'd with
thought,
The clear ringing laughter was alter'd in tone,
The late buoyant step with restraint was now fraught,
The heedless young child into girlhood had grown,
And infantile sports had for evermore flown.

But, e'en while absorb'd in the wonderment strange
That childhood's fair visions so soon should depart,
There steals o'er her spirit a magical change:
A void that has ached is now fill'd in her heart.
While zephyrs that float by her listening ear
Bring tidings of gladness, her soul to delight,
Ambrosial messages carry and bear,
Her brow glows with blushes all virgin and bright,
Her eyes are suffused with Affection's pure light.

A step treads beside her, in manhood's proud joy,
To claim her his own,—his heart-chosen bride ;
While Hope's cheering music their young spirits buoy,
The shadowy future with bliss seems allied,
As onward they sail o'er the river of Time,
Out-gazing with trust on the golden-lit skies,
Conversing together in musical chime,
And reading their fates from each other's bright
eyes,
Forgetting that life may have sorrow and sighs.

But Time, as he travels, is mix'd with alloy,
And changes and trials must float o'er the tide ;
The sky that to-day is all sunlight and joy
To-morrow may mantle with clouds far and wide.
For He who bestows on the delicate vine
The strength of the oak as its shelter and stay,
Alas ! when the tendrils most fondly entwine,
May touch the strong tree with resistless decay,
And leave the lone vine e'en to moulder away.

So Time in departing hath changed the gay tone ;
The step, once elastic, treads measuredly now ;
The tresses of amber to silver have grown ;
The hand of misfortune hath shaded her brow ;
Her face, with its dimples of beauty untold
That gleam'd in the heyday of spring-time and youth,

Like wee cups of sunlight, or basins of gold,
Seems not the same face as it used to, forsooth,
'Neath Autumn's chill touch and impress of ruth.

She has watch'd the loved ties she cherish'd depart,
She has seen her best hopes like the flowers decay,
Till the gray through her hair is thrown back in her
heart,

And she, like the others, is passing away !
She is passing away ! she is aged and worn ;
She is widow'd and lone in the dim twilight way ;
And, oh, how one marvels to think of that morn
When she, a bright child, at the break of the day,
Rejoiced in the revel of innocent play !

HANNANEL.

ADDRESSED TO AN ANGEL ABOVE.

" Mortalitate relictâ, vivit immortalitate indutus."

HAST thou met him ? hast thou found him ?
Did the angels tell
How with links of love they bound him ?
Little Hannanel !

Hast thou seen the spotless spirit,
With its soul-lit eyes,
Early taken to inherit
Fortunes in the skies?

Did he hail thee on the threshold
Of the gates above,
Reaching forward from the lamb-fold
To maternal love?

Oh, what joy it must have given
All the saints there met!
Fill'd with bliss the realms of heaven,
Bliss that lingers yet.

And the angels who had kept him,
Guarded him so well,
Since the hour thou hadst wept him,
Cherub Hannanel,—

On thy bosom did they place him,
Once again to rest,
Let thee hold him and embrace him
Closely to thy breast?

Oh, what rapture in the meeting
Kindred ties above!

Heart to heart responds in greeting,
Soul to soul in love.

Oh, what blessedness the mother
Revels in again,
When recall'd unto the other
Home, devoid of pain,

There to find each sacred token
Of affection's chain,
Each household link that Death had broken,
Riveted again!

And what bliss the child is proving
Then to recognize
The mother's soul, so true and loving,
In her spirit eyes!

Hast thou met him all delighted?
Gentle spirit, tell!
Would that I too were united
To thee and Hannanel!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

OH, child of inspiration ! pure, divine,
What meed of noble praise is justly thine !
But fled too soon ! for ever, ever gone !
In vain, below, thy transient fate we mourn.
Alas ! we know—thy pages glowing tell—
How vast the loss sustain'd when Henry fell ;
What wealth of genius pass'd from earth away
In that same hour that mark'd his dying day.

The promises thine early years display'd,
The gifted mind with talents rare array'd,
A harvest rich, luxuriant, insured,
If e'er the fruit with time should be matured.
But in the spring, when blossoms have their birth,
Thy beauteous manhood was consign'd to earth ;
The vernal breezes, softly murmuring by,
Responded to thy latest ling'ring sigh.

Yet wherefore would we call thy spirit back,
Once more to tread life's weary, rugged track ?
Oh, wherefore bring thee to this world of pain,
To struggle, suffer, and to die again ?

For, ah ! we shed sad tears, e'en now, to think
How much of grief it was thy lot to drink ;
How throughout youth the cup of life for thee
Was mix'd with gall of pain and misery.

Long was thy genius' warm and ardent light
Foreshadow'd by approaching shades of night ;
The hand of fell disease was on thee laid,
And claim'd the debt of life, so early paid.
And now, although the minstrel's self is flown,
Remains the echo of the music's tone ;
For angels, when they bore his harp away,
Still ling'ring left the cadence of each lay.

For, oh, thy brief career had scarce begun,
Ere bright and fadeless laurels had been won ;
Before thy dear and ever-cherish'd name
Rank'd high within the lists of deathless fame.
For thee have tributary verses sprung,
For thee have sighs from gentle hearts been wrung ;
While o'er thy memory bards of riper years
Have mingled endless praises with their tears.

And, though unworthy all *this* off'ring be,—
Its highest claim is that 'tis paid to *thee*,—
Accept it, as a token faint and weak
Of feelings all too strong for words to speak.

TO ALL THERE COMETH PEACE.

SINCE thou, beloved, art given
Unto another sphere,
From hence gone home to heaven,
'Tis sad to tarry here.

My heart is sear'd and lonely,—
Is chill'd within my breast:
The hope I cherish only
Is based on thoughts of rest.

For, oh, the world is dreary ;
Life's road is hard to wend ;
Beneath its burdens weary
My tired spirits bend !

Death hath to me no terror,
No shrinking to impart:
It may have awe for error,
Or for the guilty heart ;

But mine is only *broken*,—
Is only crush'd within ;

And conscience gives no token
Of willful wrong or sin.

So, without sigh or sorrow,
I'd sink to slumber deep ;
Ere dawn'd another morrow,
I'd close mine eyes in sleep.

But He who life bestoweth
Assigns the final hour ;
The stream by His will floweth,
Is check'd too by His power.

Then patience, till the throbbing
Of tired pulses cease :
O heart, suppress thy sobbing !
To all there cometh peace.

A RIDDLE.

'Tis full of fraud, hypocrisy, deceit ;
Of honey'd phrases quite as false as sweet ;
Of sunny smiles that decorate the cheek
While inwardly the spirit's faint and weak.
'Tis full of masks that coward traitors wear
To hide the baseness of the hearts they bear ;

'Tis full of foes who, 'neath a friendly garb,
Oft cunningly conceal the poison'd barb
Design'd with deadly and unrighteous aim
To blight and blast a brother's spotless name.

'Tis full of jealousies, of doubts and fears,
Converting joy and smiles to pains and tears ;
Of envy's lurid and malignant fire,
With foul designs the feeble to inspire,
Diffusing round that wild, unhallow'd light
From which each noble impulse must take flight ;
'Tis full of prejudice in devious ways,
Where'er man turns his wandering mind and gaze,
Up-springing from the apt and ready jest,
From subtle fold within the secret breast,
Disclosing often, in both age and youth,
How much the false outbalances the truth.
'Tis full of satire, with its sharpen'd edge,
Design'd within the human heart to wedge,
And cut those palpitating cords which prove
The bonds between mankind and their self-love.
'Tis full of mockery, of craft, and scorn,
Of hearts without relief that sigh and mourn,
Of secret griefs, of wrongs as black as night,
That rarely are reveal'd to human sight.
Here, many an Aram undiscover'd treads, ⁽³⁾
And many a felon, many a murderer sheds

His brother's blood, while brother jurors say
He's guiltless and may go upon his way :
Those self-same courts that have pronounced him free,
Those courts of law, misnomer'd Equity,
Those very courts that with such even scale
Of justice may another one impale
For years within the dungeon damp and dark,
Because he sinn'd to keep the vital spark
From separating from the mortal clay :
He stole the rich man's crust of bread away,
And gave it to sustain the failing life
Still ling'ring in the famish'd child and wife,
Thus lured to wrong, when Hope herself seem'd o'er,
To keep the threat'ning wolf from off the door :
Though Poverty, with all her sobs and sighs,
May not for crime herself apologize,
And though he should have pass'd temptation by,
And left the loved and hungry ones to die,
Yet marvel we indeed that he should be
Condemn'd to years of mould'ring misery,
The ready sentence pass'd without a clause,
Nor Mercy temper'd Justice in *his* cause.

Here, in this strange and wonder-working place,
Where joy and grief encounter face to face ;
Where cherish'd friendships fall like leaves apart,
And falsehood chills the warm and trusting heart ;

Where ties are torn from ties beloved away,
Till, link by link, life's brightest chains decay ;
Here painted belles, with flaunting air and mien,
With ostentatious pomp of reigning queen,
Float gayly round, and blushing cheeks display,
That pale and tawdry look by glare of day.
Here knavery and pretension in smooth guise
Speak forth in borrow'd echoes of the wise ;
And Piety is oft the scabbard, in
Which is conceal'd the rusty sword of sin,—
The armor sly transgressors but assume
To shield them from their overhanging doom ;
And sanctimony lengthens out the face,
While ill designs the treacherous heart debase.

Although in light and shade the picture's true,
'Neath other phases it appears to view.
Here, Nature opens wide her bounteous store,
And spreads her fields with smiling verdure o'er.
Her living lights, that shine above, proclaim
In burning characters the Maker's name.
The gorgeous sun with life-inspiring rays,
The moon with milder pencil, write HIS praise.

O World ! God form'd thee full of light and grace :
Man makes thee oft a dreary dwelling-place.

SOLITUDE.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet at eventide to steal alone,
From bustle of the busy world apart,
Removed from every human sound or tone,
Except the beating of the sentient heart,
To watch each gold and purple-blended dye
The god of day throws from his sleepy eye,
As 'neath the western hills he hies to rest,
With ling'ring glory, upon nature's breast;
To see the silver moon assume her place,
And gaze from heaven with clear and pensive face,
While one by one the stars creep into view,
To gem Night's fields of ether, broad and blue.
At such a time, awak'ning thoughts delight
In *solitude* to take their God-ward flight.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

I SAW a little coffin,
In sombre hearse, pass by ;
While many a mourner follow'd,
With sad and moisten'd eye.
But one there was more closely
That press'd beside the bier,—
As though life's only treasure
Was kept guarded there.

His step was weak and falt'ring,
His hair in white locks fell,
Although he was not aged,
So far as years may tell.
But, oh ! the desolation
That wrought within the heart
Upon the mournful features
Had done its dire part.

Upon an earthly idol
He'd built his hopes and pride,
And *everything* seem'd *nothing*
When his beloved one died.

Where were the dreams he'd trusted,
Had cherish'd day by day?
All, with the young life blighted,
Forever flown away.

The sole remaining kindred,
With winning words and ways,
Had journey'd back to heaven,—
Had vanish'd from his gaze!
Yet spurn not comfort, father,
But think, amidst thy pain,
This loss to thee so lonely
Is *his* immortal gain.

And he for whom thou mournest,—
The object of thy love,—
Could earth afford enjoyments
Like those assign'd above?
So young, so pure and spotless,
From taint of sin all free!
He must have pass'd the portals
Of bright eternity.

And wouldst thou e'en be willing
To call that spirit back,
From off its pleasant pathway,
To this life's shadowy track?

What were those hopes you cherish'd
Of worldly gain and joy,
What schemes of high ambition,
For this, your darling boy?

You'd rear'd on mortal frame-work
Full many a giant plan,
Against the day you counted
The child should be a man.
You'd built a ladder golden,
Of riches and of power,
And yearn'd with love's impatience
To meet that distant hour,

When he, for whom you labor'd,
In manhood's noble prime,
With manhood's strength and beauty
To preferment should climb.
A laurel you had woven,
Of fame and fair renown,
With flow'rets of the fancy
Your gifted one to crown.

The castles and the roses
Were things of earthly trust ;
They totter'd and they crumbled,
They fell again to dust.

The superstructures vanish'd,
Dissolved in empty air,
With him who form'd their basis,—
That being bright and fair.

But mourn not thus, O father,
If e'en your hopes are fled,
And nothing but the mem'ry
Is left you of the dead.
How much that tender blossom,
Of anguish and of care,
In His all-gracious mercy,
Has God been pleased to spare !

For though you'd plann'd the future,
A dream for him all bright,
His cup *might* have been darken'd
With dusky shades of night.
So much is in existence
Of hidden woe and grief,
That there should be rejoicing
When spirits find relief,—

When infant buds are gather'd
Within their early spring,
Ere winter's winds around them
Their cruel tempests fling.

Then from the coffin dreary,
Fond parent, look above !
To where the stars are holding
High carnivals of love.

And far beyond those regions
Thy blessed boy may be,
His tender vigils keeping
In holy faith o'er thee.
A little, little longer
To traverse life's sad plain,
And he, thy wildly-worship'd,
Will be thine own again.

BE KIND.

BE kind and be gentle,
Through each passing day,
To friend and companion
On life's rugged way.
Throw into their journey
A rose, if you may,
To cheer and to brighten
Their wearisome way.

For mortals to sorrow
Seem destined and born,
To toil and to struggle
From life's early dawn ;
And many the cruel
And threatening thorn
By which they're assail'd,
Left bleeding and torn.

Dost weep, human brother,
When ills *thou* wouldst flee,
With arrows all pointed
And turn'd towards *thee* ?
Thy comrades are grieving,
For peace *thou* wouldst seek ;
Their spirits are fainting,
Are famish'd and weak.

And wouldst thou deny them,
What e'en *thou* mayest speak,
The words that are soothing,
To brighten the cheek ?
Be loving, be gentle,
And tender tones give
To kindred and dear ones
With whom thou mayest live.

Pour sympathy's balsam
O'er spirits plaintive ;
Their faults and their failings
Forget and forgive.
Be kind to thy brother !
Not long may he stay ;
Be gentle and lenient,
Be patient *to-day* !

To-morrow may take him,
And then the kind words
Will meet no responsive
Or answering chords.
The sunlight withholding
Itself from life's stream,
Its lustre is wasted
On death's solemn dream.

All drain'd is the fountain,
And each sunny dream
Reflecteth no longer
One welcoming gleam.
Be kind and consid'rate,
Through each passing day,
To trav'lers encounter'd
On life's weary way.

It costs one but little
Those kind words to say ;
And yet may they often
A broken heart stay.
Be kind and be gentle !
And when life is o'er,
And we meet our friends on
The sunnier shore,

Ah ! then 'twill be pleasant
These days to talk o'er,—
Of fruits of content which
Our kindness here bore.
How blest the reunion,
In heavenly birth,
By links of affection
Inwoven on earth !

E X P E C T E D.

TO G. . . .

As softly fans a bird's light wing,
The breath of eve stole by ;
And mingled with the tones of Spring
A mother's lonely sigh.

She watch'd for him,—her only son,—
To meet him, but to part ;
To hold him, ere life's sands were run,
Against her beating heart.

“ His echoing steps I seem to hear,
As coming to me now ;
I seem to feel his presence near,
His breath upon my brow.

“ If but by instinct, he will know
I'm dying, and alone !
I cannot die without him, though,
My darling, and my own !

“ ’Twas when the leaves of Autumn fell,
He wander’d from my side,
And promised, when he said ‘farewell,’
To see me in Spring-tide.

“ But now the Spring has come again ;
We’re standing on its verge ;
And soon the birds, with mellow strain,
Will sing my funeral dirge.

“ And, but for leaving him, my heart
Would not exhale a sigh ;
But oh ! the thought that we must part
Will break it ere I die !

“ Yet Thou, who, when the tempest raged,
Subdued the sea at will,
Whose voice the elements assuaged,
Canst bid me ‘peace, be still !’

“ The troubled waters of my soul,
Its waves of doubt and fear,
Beneath Thy Majesty’s control
May sink or disappear.

“ Forgive me if I’ve over-prized,
O God, this child of clay !

Thou gavest the treasure idolized,
And Thou canst take away.

“ ’Twas Thou, who stirr’d the holy fount
Of pure maternal love ;
Who caused affection’s tide to mount
And through my being move.

“ And for his sire in the skies
The child seem’d sent instead :
I gazed into his soul-lit eyes,
Nor deem’d that sire dead.

“ I watch’d him growing bright and true,
In stature and in soul,
Until my love for him outgrew
All limit and control.

“ If sorrow dash’d his youthful cup,
Or bent his brow with thought,
Could I but drink that sorrow up,
It nectar to me brought.

“ Then who will be, when I shall leave
This weary world of woe,
His *willing target*, to receive
The shafts of Sorrow’s bow?

“ Will there be none to take his part,
When left in life alone?
Not one to soothe his aching heart
With kindly voice and tone?

“ Yes, there is One, and only One,
May be e'en more than I.
Then let me say, ‘ Thy will be done,’
My Maker, ere I die!

“ To Thee I'll leave this holy trust
Thy love bequeath'd to me,
And yield my fragile form to dust,
Th' immortal soul to Thee.

“ Then gently loose the silken cords
That fetter me to clay:
This only wish I breathe in words
Before I pass away:

“ Oh, let me not, my Father, die
Until I see my boy.
But hark! a step is drawing nigh:
’Tis he! oh, joy! oh, joy!”

And scarce the prayer had utterance found
Before it was fulfill'd!

His presence follow'd close the sound,
And through her being thrill'd.

But one step more, he'd reach'd that place,
Within her arms was press'd ;
But when he raised his pallid face,
'Twas from a pulseless breast.

Her last heart-throb had died away
While beating 'gainst his own ;
Its music-notes all broken lay,
And hush'd for him in tone.

His early hopes thus sadly wreck'd,
While nearing manhood's shore,
On life's rough sea who'll now protect
And guide him safely o'er ?

Almighty Pilot, steer him free
From rocks and shallows round ;
Where currents rough infest life's sea,
And dangers dark abound !

And that maternal memory
Enshrined within his soul,
A beacon holy may it be,
His spirit to control.

To guide him onward to that land,
Now whither she has flown
And waits with loving outstretch'd hand
To lead him to Thy throne.

TWILIGHT.

THERE is a hush upon the earth,
A calm within the sky,
A spell which hinders common mirth,
When day is passing by.

The golden glow that wanes above
Refines the inmost heart,
Enshrines the thoughts in mists of love,
From worldly things apart.

For, oh ! when man becomes subdued,
His sentient soul is stirr'd ;
While through the deep and pensive mood
The voice of God is heard ;

Is heard the vast Creative Power,
Within the silence round ;

Each whisp'ring breeze, each leaf and flower,
With sounds and signs abound,

With signs of Him ; each blade of grass
Impearl'd in evening's dew,
Each babbling brooklet that we pass,
His presence all renew.

We gaze through the empurpled west,
'Midst fields of upper air,
To see His skillful hand impress'd
In gorgeous colors there.

On such an eve, so fair as this,
Soft zephyrs round me play ;
They fan my cheek, my temples kiss,
They bear my soul away,—

Away from dreams of earthly themes
To those exalted high,
And brilliant as the sunset-gleams
That deck the azure sky.

Ah ! if *this* world can furnish scene
So holy and divine,
Exceeding them in joy serene
The home *above* must shine !

And, with this faith, the spirit fain
Its mortal mould would break,
Would throw aside its clayey chain,
An upward course to take.

And through those gates of varied light
That yonder gleaming lie,
Could it but take immediate flight,
How happy now to die !

Now, while this calm so pure, benign,
Invests the inward breast,
The soul immortal to resign
To calmer peace and rest.

MA BELLE.

EACH beauteous object that I see
Unfolds within my memory
A volume of sweet thoughts of thee ;
Like honey-dew within the flower's urn.
The midday sun so warm and bright,
Though dazzling to my wav'ring sight,

Hath not more strength than thy love's light,
Which through my yearning heart doth blend and
burn.

The stars, that gem with mystic sheen
Night's banner of ultramarine,
Shine less resplendently, I ween,
Than thy all-cloudless, ever soul-lit eyes ;
Whose glances radiant insure
A mind where thoughts refined endure,
A spirit sublimate and pure
As heaven enshrined within its peerless skies.

The flowers that deck the mossy dell
Combine in loveliness a spell,
That all resistlessly impel
My soul to thee,—their rival and their queen !
And scarce as sweet the nectar's flow
In the corolla's vase below,
Which to the bee doth wealth bestow,
As thoughts from these bright types of thee I glean.

So mem'ries of thee abound
Through every scene that may surround ;
The air, made vocal with the sound
Of birds that carol silvery and clear,

Seems as the music of thy voice,
To bid my happy heart rejoice
In claiming thee alone its choice
Of all the world, least worldly, yet most dear.

Then trust me, love, my steadfast heart
From its first idol will not part;
The binding chords can never start,
Can ne'er relax or change, unless it be
They, like the tendrils of the vine,
That round their object daily twine,
As though with purpose and design,
Cling closer yet in strength and ardency.

HEART-ECHOES.

" Exiled from home, and forced from kindred ties,
His heart dissolves in heavy sobs and sighs;
But 'midst the shades of deep nocturnal gloom,
HOPE finds one fertile plain from whence to bloom.

THE years roll away, the seasons depart,
But take not the gloom or weight from my heart:
Though fair is the world, with sunshine so bright,
But rarely I taste of its promised delight,

For deeply within is resting a stain,
That turns ev'ry thought to darkness and pain.

Though others may meet with pleasures to trust,
My own they have moulder'd long in the dust ;
And others may find some stay in their need,
But mine has bent 'neath me, each as a reed,—
A poor fragile reed that bows its weak form,
Is conquer'd and crushed in meeting the storm.

Each joy I've believed, each feeling held dear,
I've seen them decay or sink to despair ;
Each promising bliss foul traitor would turn,
To mingle its dregs in life's bitter urn,
Till hope in the heart forever is crush'd,
Her voice is untuned, her music is hush'd.

I've watch'd the bright roses, growing in sight,
That others have pluck'd with ease and delight ;
I've seen the clear fountain springing around,
And sparkling in crystal tide up from the ground :
The flowers *I* cull'd had thorns on them all,
The waters *I* drank were tinctured with gall !

The ground I've perceived as soft as greensward,
My foot only touch'd, it turn'd stony hard !
No longer appear'd the velvety sod,
But flinty and rough the road that I trod !

As Midas's touch changed all things to gain,
The magic of mine produced only pain !

And now I believe, though bright be the earth,
Not destined for me its brightness or mirth.
Though many one's cups with happiness brim,
My own it is poison'd up to the rim ;
And thus it is doom'd, nor ever will be
An antidote found to change the decree.

Throughout the dark hours, yet *something* is left :
Of one only hope I'm still unbereft.
I've follow'd it close, with spirit oppress'd,
And long'd to attain its promise and rest.
Though tedious the night, and weary the day,
They must have an ending,—must pass away.

And there's a bright land, that's far beyond this,
That flows with the honey of consummate bliss ;
My hopes they are turn'd to that beautiful shore,
Where sorrow and grieving, they tell me, are o'er ;
Where truth undisguised is reveal'd to the light,
Is weigh'd in the balance and all things made right.

L I G H T I N P R A Y E R.

WHEN the day is dark and dreary,
 And the heart is sad and lone,
When the spirit's weak and weary
 And repines in broken tone ;
When the mind is bow'd with anguish
 And the soul is bathed in grief,
When our lonely beings languish,
 And worn nature needs relief ;

When the hopes we once have cherish'd,
 And the dreams we've thought would last,
Have like summer flowers perish'd
 When they met the winter's blast ;
When the light of day is dying,
 And the earth around looks drear,
When the tempest's breath is sighing,
 There is comfort then in prayer.

When the ocean threatens danger
 To the fragile bark of life,
That is cast about a stranger
 Amidst the waves of strife ;

When the rocks around are frowning,
While the shoals in sight appear,
And we're menaced e'en with drowning,
There is nothing left but *prayer*.

Then, with faith impress'd and holy
And believing in the right,
Oh, direct the spirit solely
To the Source of love and light.
Who revived Nain's widow lonely
Hath His solace still to spare,
Can restore and soothe, if only
He is sought in praise and prayer.

When the cup of joy is broken,
And its scatter'd remnants lie
As in sad and mournful token
That all earthly things must die ;
When our tired footsteps falter
As we journey o'er life's way,
Let us bow before God's altar
And exalt the soul to pray.

When the solemn bell is tolling
O'er the final, parting breath,
And the hours fast are rolling
To the moment e'en of death ;

When the ransom'd spirit's leaving
All its tasted joy and care,
And when friends around are grieving,
There is *light for all in prayer.*

EMELE.

For thy all-confiding youth,
With its gentleness and truth,
While for the tender heart I see
Pure emotions softly trace
On thy mild and pensive face,
My spirit turns, sweet friend, to thee.

For thy joyous, sunny smile,
All untouch'd with earthly guile,
And for the voice so fresh and free,
Every tone of which I hear
Falls as music on mine ear,
I long to have thee near to me.

For those days, with pleasure blent,
Which together have we spent,
Those bygone days, dear one, when we,
Beneath thy ardent Southern skies,

This link of friendship learn'd to prize,
I love, Emele, and value thee.

For the present, and the past,
With its gleaming sunshine cast,
And for the future,—may it bring
To thy spirit hope and light,
Every gift that's fair and bright,—
My heart to thine must ever cling.

DEATH.

AND what is this I gaze on now?
This pulseless form, this pallid brow!
This hand so cold, this bloodless cheek!
The lips that nevermore may speak,
That never more may part with breath!
Remorseless truth! this, this is death!

These flowing locks of flossy gold,
The forehead fair that round enfold,
How late they danced with girlish glee,
Or floated in the breezes free!
The head that gave them motion then
Will never throb nor think again!

How calm and still the marble face !
The beauteous limbs that moved with grace
Are rigid and unbending here :
Oh, mark the changes that appear
When warmth and life for aye are flown,
And Death the clay claims as his own !

O Death ! thou strange, unbidden guest !
Mysterious agent ! to infest
All times, all places, and all scenes !
The reckless Reaper rudely gleans
From all the branches of the tree
Of mouldering mortality.

He takes not heed of rank or pride,
Where high-born prince or peasant bide ;
The most exalted, and the low,
Are aims for his unerring bow :
He gathers fruit of each degree
To crown his ceaseless victory.

O Death ! inevitable fate !
On mortal lot foredoom'd to wait !
No tears can move him to relent,
Or change his fix'd and dread intent.
He came, he cometh, and will come,
To strike the living cold and dumb !

See where from beauty's cheek he steals
The blushing rose-bud that reveals
A gentle and expanding youth,
A spirit link'd with love and truth.
His seal is set upon the prize,
The fairy vision droops and dies !

See where the hero in his prime
To preferment doth boldly climb,
Elated in his onward flight
Towards Ambition's chosen height ;
High aspirations fill his soul
To reach the distant, dazzling goal.

He nears the point ! his dizzy brain
Is swimming with the hope of gain,
When, lo ! his dreams take wings and fly ;
The hour of Fate is drawing nigh.
List to his feeble, parting breath :
“ Not mine, but thine the vict'ry, Death ! ”

So dost thou baffle life's best schemes :
Thy ruling power intervenes
Between man's purposes and self,—
They're thine, the worldly gain and pelf ;
Beneath thy touch all life is brief,
For thou art the All-Conquering Chief.

CAN I FORGET THEE?

THOU call'st me thy sunlight,
The joy of thy day,—
The magnet that leads thee
O'er life's weary way.

Then can I forget thee?
Oh, never, indeed!
Does sunlight forget e'er
The flower and seed?

Has ever the loadstone
Its nature denied,
Or failed in its proving
The mariner's guide?

Again, hast thou call'd me
“The star of thy heart!”
Oh, trust me, its brightness
Will never depart.

I *cannot* forget thee!
My hopes are all thine!
Do stars of the evening
Forget how to shine?

As read'ly believe, then,
Thou dearest and best,
The light of thy love could
E'er fade from my breast.

Thy mem'ry shall guide me,
As sunlight and star,
Through life, till we meet with
The blest ones afar.

THE SNOW-DROP DEAD.

THE mother sits in her accustom'd place
Beside the tiny, spotless bed ;
But Sorrow's signature is on her face,—
The pretty, pearly snow-drop's dead !

Is dead !—her broken heart is in that sound ;
Her bloodless lips repeat it o'er.
Oh, fawn-like form, that used to lightly bound !
Oh, merry tones, that ring no more !

In vain she listens for each silv'ry chime,
So late attuned to play and mirth ;

Oh, lovely snow-drop! perish'd ere its prime,
Too blemishless and bright for earth!

But turn thee, matron, from the lifeless clay;
Thy *treasure* is no longer *there* :
The flow'ret's spirit wing'd itself away
To 'radiate a higher sphere.

Then, oh, command thy wand'ring thoughts to heaven;
Suppress each bitter heart-wrung moan :
The undimm'd blossom that to thee was given
Has God-ward flown,—it was His own.

And still thou mayest worship her above ;
For surely aught from self refined,
As pure and holy, as a mother's love,
Can *there* a ready entrance find.

For those who early die, why should we weep?
Though ours the *loss*, theirs is the *gain* :
Oh, blessed innocence, that falls asleep,
Before the withering night of pain

Steals shadow-like upon the inner life,
And blighted hopes and vanish'd dreams,
Such as for after-years are ever rife,
Have left their lasting scars and seams.

Then mourn not, ye whose kindred ties depart :
Death hath not mast'ry over love,
Checks not communion of heart with heart,
Nor soul on earth with soul above.

HOME.

A NAME that is dear, a place that is fair,
Though humble the cot !
A word and a spell on which one may dwell,
Whate'er be his lot ;
The sheltering tree 'neath which he may flee,
When storms rage without,
When arrows are hurl'd throughout this rude world
Of danger and doubt.

Fond welcomes will greet, in harmonies sweet,
His watch'd-for return ;
And eyes will be fill'd, with sweet tears distill'd
From love's brimming urn.
The soul that is bow'd 'neath darkness and cloud
With hope will turn there ;
Though grieved and oppress'd, a haven of rest
Will sweet home appear.

A spot that is bright with sunshine and light
Of dear woman's smile,
Affection's pure flow through pleasure or woe,
And linger the while.
Where'er we may roam, the magic word *home*
Is music of heart,
And memories dear of tender ties there
Its echoes impart.

And though distant far the friends we love are,
As pictures they rise,
And 'midst the home-dream their images gleam
In Memory's skies.
Ah, Home is a name far sweeter than fame,
Or joys it may give !
While other dreams fade, or sink into shade,
The home visions live.

THE ONLY GREEN BRANCH LEFT.

SHE was a wee and winsome thing,
A tiny, laughing fay !
Her voice was like the bird's of spring,
That sweetly trills all day.

Its music-notes rang clear and free
Upon the blind man's ear ;
And, though her face he might not see,
Twas bliss those tones to hear.

Her smile was like a soft sunbeam,
Illumining her lips,—
A smile so innocent, 'twould seem
No cloud should e'er eclipse.

She was the thread of golden light
Twined through his darken'd fate ;
The jewel that for loss of sight
Seem'd meant to compensate.

Her fairy form he'd often take
Within his doting arms,
And fondly long for her dear sake
To rob life of alarms.

And when with deep and gushing love
He'd fold her to his breast,
She'd lie like some sweet nestling dove
Long used to be caress'd.

But while her eyes of tender blue
Would wander to his own,

At times the infant's gentle coo
Would take a sadden'd tone.

For soon, alas ! the truth she learn'd :
The face on her that smiled,
Those sightless orbs but *vainly* yearn'd
To view his darling child.

Yet, smitten by the chast'ning rod,
He patient bore his lot ;
While morn and eve unto his God
His praises ne'er forgot.

For heav'nly wisdom, though it reft
The good man of his sight,
Still had its bounty to him left,
This gentle parasite.

And it was beautiful to see
His great love shading o'er
The plant that coil'd so tenderly
Around his own heart's core.

But on the noiseless wheels of Time
The years were roll'd away,
Till she, the child of spring's sweet prime,
Was borne to summer's day.

Her golden locks were darker grown,
Ceased was her baby play;
While with the blind man years thus flown
Had turn'd his hair to gray.

And Time, whose hand his child had led
To womanhood at length,
While silv'ring o'er his aged head,
Had robb'd him of his strength.

And then she knew, as by his side
She still retain'd her place,
It was her turn to be his guide
And tend his falt'ring pace.

For all those years of patient love
Spent on her day by day,
With care untiring she strove
The blind man to repay.

Her voice was still the music bright
His spirit's joy that made;
Her loving presence his sunlight,
Dispelling gloom and shade.

Upon his life-tree aged and sear'd,
Of vital power reft,
She was the verdure that appear'd,
The only green branch left.

TO ADRIENNE.

I LOVE thee with devotion,
With feelings wild and strange !
For thee my soul's affection
Can never, never change.

And, loving thee thus fondly,
O idol of my heart !
How mournful sounds the mandate
Condemning us to part !

But Fate delights to trifle
With souls together grown,
To wring from wedded spirits
A melancholy tone.

And yet, when sadly missing
The music of that voice,
Whose low or faintest echo
Hath made my heart rejoice,

And when, like loosen'd harp-strings,
My heart-chords sigh and moan,

Or for their absent owner
Beat desolate and lone,

When o'er the waters' bosom
The waves are bearing thee,
Through all, will be a comfort
Still left to solace me.

For even then, O dearest,
Throughout the weary day,
I still may kneel to Heaven
For thee to plead and pray.

I love thee, oh, I love thee
From out my earnest heart,
And, loving thee thus wildly,
Why are we doom'd to part?

But Time hath torn asunder
High mountains in their strength,
And left her gaping chasm
Along their breadth and length.

Yet, Time, so strong and potent
With hand to overthrow,
May cause the smiling verdure
Amidst the rocks to grow.

And in those barren gorges,
 May ferns and flowers lie,
Like stars that shine and shimmer
 Through Mem'ry's dreary sky.

And, till again united,
 Thou'lt be my polar star,
O'er Mem'ry's tide to glisten
 And light me from afar.

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

OH, merry days of childhood !
 As lightly on ye flow,
Unmarr'd by thought of present
 Or dread of future woe,
The sunlight smiling sweetly,
 And beaming brightly o'er,
No shadows float around you,
 Nor spectres rise before.

For life is as a garden,
 Replete with roses rare,
With freshness and with odors
 That greet you everywhere.

And from beneath your footsteps
Clear fountains brightly spring,
While upward, 'midst green branches,
The birds delight to sing.

Your morning cup is sparkling,
Is brimming o'er with joy,
Ye blissful days of childhood,
Untinctured with alloy.
The heart, all free and guileless,
Is throbbing high with hope,
With every dream ecstatic,
Of cloudless uncheck'd scope.

But while upon the flowers
Your heedless footsteps fleet,
A thorn that lies in ambush
May pierce your careless feet.
For, with its golden pleasure,
Youth cannot always stay ;
The days of merry childhood
Must pass at length away.

Oh, days of happy childhood !
The only days to me
That have been void of sadness,
From sorrow have been free.

Though gone with fairy visions,
Yet through the misty past
I love to watch your pictures
In golden glories cast.

TO THE DISEMBODIED.

THE world is not the same,
Since thou art from it fled,
And since they laid thee down,
And told me thou wert dead.
They whisper'd softly then,
To heaven thou wert gone;
It was not well to weep,—
It was not wise to mourn.

But words have scanty force
To stay the fount of grief,
To heal the broken heart
Or bind it with relief.
For where the wound is deep,
Time's hand alone can ease,
Can close the aching gap
By gradual degrees.

I knew that thou couldst read
To heaven thy title clear ;
There couldst *thou* soar, if e'er
Perfection enter'd there.
For sifted from alloy
Thy nature long had been ;
Its purity forbade
E'en the approach of sin.

But oh ! I could not hush
The wail my spirit gave
When first I gazed upon
Thy green and new-made grave.
To think, while I must live,
Must wander on alone,
I never more should hear
Thy dear familiar tone ;

I ne'er should see thy face,
Nor gaze within those eyes,
Each kindly glance of which
I long had learn'd to prize.
The loneliness I felt,
In mem'ry lingers still ;
Such agonies strike deep,
Although they may not kill.

But often since that hour
Strange feelings have I known :
'Though ne'er I thought I should,—
I think I've heard thy tone !
Ah, yes, that voice so low,
That voice beloved and dear,
At times seems softly now
To steal upon mine ear.

At evening's holy hush,
Within its zephyrs' sighs,
That voice, it seems to me,
I often recognize.
I hear my own name breathed
In accents soft and clear ;
And, though I see thee not,
I *feel* that thou art near.

At midnight, too, I start
From slumber's downy thrall ;
I cast its folds aside,
To listen to thy call.
I've heard it in my sleep,
Repeated oft and oft ;
While o'er my cheek I've felt
Thy breathings warm and soft.

From thy Elysian home,
 Though far away it be,
I know thy soul at times
 Is visitant to me.
Oft when Temptation's voice
 My secret thoughts would lure,
Thy tones o'ersweep my heart,
 And keep it good and pure.

Thy influence is around ;
 It sways me to the right ;
It mingles with my life,
 As moonlight with the night.
As Luna's silver rays
 The ebon scenes illumine,
So from my darken'd soul
 Canst thou dispel the gloom.

And, oh, I love to think
 That, though I see thee not,
I cannot be by thee
 Deserted or forgot.
Then let thy visits last
 Till life is o'er with me,
When I shall see and know
 Thee as a *certainly*.

GULIELMA FROM RICARDO.

OH, swifter far than speeds the fleetest boat,
May human thought on Fancy's pinions float.
What reck's it if the elements should wage,
Or winds in war tempestuous engage?
Thought, with Affection's star its course to guide,
May conquer and out-travel wind and tide.

And so unto thy distant solitude
I'm thither borne, and there on thee intrude,
To thy beloved presence I draw near,
And take beside thine own the vacant chair ;
As was my wont to do in days gone by,
When ling'ring 'neath thy sunny Southern sky,
I softly lay my hand upon thine own,
And hear again the music of thy tone.
I gaze within the depths of dark-fringed eyes,
Till gushing tears within mine own arise.
Oh that I might once more to thee be near,
In truth and in reality might hear
Thy lute-like tones, and to thy every need
Might minister in some kind act or deed !
If sickness pale or suff'ring thou shouldst feel,
My ready hand might solace and might heal ;

Or if by grief thy woman's heart was press'd,
Mine own might share the burden of thy breast.
My efforts with my wishes might combine,
Thy checker'd life with joy to interline.
Oh, Gulielma ! could we meet again,
No earthly force should break the bond in twain.
I'd linger with thee till the very last ;
My home should be, as in the vanish'd past,
Where thy pure breathing made the air
Like that of paradise, so sweet and fair ;
Where thy low tones, like notes of Philomel,
Upon my fond impassion'd spirit fell.
We'd talk together, and we'd linger o'er
The bygone hopes of blessed days of yore ;
And when I'd tell thee of the seasons fled,
Of cherish'd friends among the silent dead,
Thou wouldst forgive me if, while I reveal'd
The rays of sun, the shadows I conceal'd.
For, oh, my studied task it then would be
To muffle ev'ry mournful memory ;
To wake no gloomy echoes through thy heart,
But cause vain anguish and regret depart.
I'd point thee out no soul-dreams broken, crush'd,
But rather where the beams of promise blush'd,
And where the shimmering and breaking light
Had stolen moon-like through the ebon night,

That in thy breast it might reflect its smile,
And thee with happiness again beguile.

Oh, Gulielma, scarcely stirs a thought
Throughout my soul but with thy mem'ry's fraught ;
I nurse no hope that is not bound in thee.
May Fate, with sudden kindness, soon decree
To realize my hopes and wishes bright,
Restore thy yearn'd-for vision to my sight.
For though awhile in dreams may rapture dwell,
A passing sigh, a tone, may break the spell ;
And though with clear and retrospective view
The picture in each light and shade be true,
The odor of the flowers we used to love
Be wafted through the present as we rove,
The roses rear'd by thee, the jasmine sweet,
My grateful senses seem again to greet ;
But when, alas ! as now, they only *seem*,
Anon we weep to waken from the dream.
Oh, Gulielma ! since I met thee last,
Across the bridge of Time have come and pass'd
Long years ; and with the thought will my lone heart
Within my bosom strangely bound and start ;
For Time, whose ruthless heel treads over Spring,
Doth hoary Winter in his footsteps bring.
But oh, I pray, my beautiful ! with thee
He hath been gentle, and dealt leniently ;

He hath not interlined with care thy brow,
Nor strewn thy sunny locks with flakes of snow.
And yet should Time upon thy beauteous head
Have laid his whiten'd hand, for each pale thread
Which ripples through the dusky wavelets there,
Thou'lt be to thy Ricardo yet more dear ;
More cherish'd in the Autumn of thy life
Than when in Spring youth's blossoms all were rife.

Then send thy bird-like message o'er the main,
That I may thither fly, and be again
Thine own, nor for my Gulielma wait
Till I shall meet her in the future state ;
For I should recognize her surely there,
Though sunny locks had turn'd to silver hair ;
She still would be within the world afar,
What she has ever been, my guiding star.

DREAMS.

THE dreams I fondly cherish'd
Are gone, forever fled ;
My trusted joys have perish'd,
My hopes lie cold and dead.

Like dewdrops have they vanish'd,
When 'neath the mid-day sun
These early gems are banish'd
And lost to sight each one.

Ah ! youth is but the morning
Whose day, though opening fair,
At eve without a warning
Will oft in clouds appear.

For life's inviting chalice
Shines brightest near the brink :
'Tis fraught with pain and malice
The further down we drink.

Upon the surface sparkling
We press the eager lips,
But shadows dim and darkling
The joy-drops soon eclipse.

We search in vain for pleasure
Each step we onward take :
The varied crystal treasure
Is doom'd to fall or break.

Or, like the serpent's glitter
To birds it would decoy,
It lures but to embitter,
To weary and destroy.

HOPE.

ARRAY'D in robes of spotless white,
With beaming eye and footstep light,
 Hope visiteth the heart.
She cometh in the darkest hour,
With magic spell and mystic power
 Her solace to impart.

Her garments fall in graceful folds,
A brimming cup her right hand holds,
 A cup of flower-form,⁽⁴⁾
Which, reaching forth, she seems to say,
"Let this elixir be thy stay
 When bursts the threaten'd storm."

She marks the weary captive bound ;
His cell she enters without sound ;
 But sparkling as sunbeam
She breaks through clouds of dull distress
That o'er his anguish'd bosom press
 In sad and sullen dream.

She lifts him from the cold damp dust,
And leaves him not till waken'd trust
 Gives sign of coming day ;

Then, like a bird with happy wings,
And light as zephyr, forth she springs
To deeds of love away.

She gains the home of maiden fair,
Who, drooping 'neath her wild despair,
But sighs in vain for rest.
Hope draws the veil of doubt aside
Which dims the lustre of love's tide ;
She heals her wounded breast.

Her course she steers to that lone spot
Which seems by all but her forgot,—
Forsaken spot and drear.
Beneath the foaming ocean-wave
The mariner awaits his grave,
When Hope, sweet Hope, draws near.

To life she fans the latent spark
When all is growing dim and dark
Within his brooding mind ;
She whispers of a fav'ring tide,
Whereon his bark may safely glide,
May yet sure anch'rage find.

Again to land she takes her course,
Still proving the unfailing source
Of solace and of calm.

She enters where all joys depart,
And lives the longest in the heart,
Its comfort and its balm.

With haste she seeks the tiny bed
Where droops the dying infant's head,
The mother weeping by.
She points above, to where the light
Forever floods, with glory bright,
A blest eternity.

She whispers of supernal rest,
Where angel ones are free and blest,
Where sorrow is unknown.
Her voice dispels each gloomy shade
Which death relentlessly hath made :
There's magic in her tone.

Deep in the heart she sings a song
To tell where ransom'd souls belong ;
Where in the Saviour's arms
The babe, reft of maternal care,
Translated thus to higher sphere,
Is shelter'd from alarms.

And so with Time she keeps apace,
And turns on all her lovely face,
Her welcome smiles impart.

As in the fabled box of yore,
When other blessings all are o'er,
Hope resteth in the heart.

I MISS THEE.

I MISS thee at morn,
When first I arise
And see not thy face
Nor soft loving eyes ;
I whisper thy name,
'Tis borne on the air ;
No echo returns,
My spirit to cheer.

I miss thee at noon :
The Angelus rings,
And close to my heart
Thy memory brings ;
My hand I extend
To clasp thine in prayer :
Alas ! 'tis in vain !
For thou art not here.

I miss thee at eve,
When shadows fall bright,
The flowers to flood
With glory and light.
We used in this hour
Communion to share,
And feelings indulge
Most sacred and dear.

I miss thee e'en when
The azure of night
Is starry and gemm'd
With jewels of light ;
And zephyrs that breathe
In soft murmurs by
Waft up from my lips
Thy name to the sky.

And hearest the voice
Of sorrowful tone,
And seest the heart
For thee that is lone ?
An angel on high
In radiant sphere,
Dost feel for my grief
And pity me there ?

I miss thee, dear one,
When deepens the night !
The senses of man
In visions take flight ;
Creation's great pulse
Is silent in sleep ;
Then vigils of love
For thee do I keep.

The breezes seem fill'd
With that haunting tone,
Whose music from earth
Forever hath flown ;
And sadly my heart
The sympathies crave
Of one laid beneath
The mossy-grown grave.

I'll miss thee until
Eternity's star
My soul shall guide to
Thy spirit afar.
And then, when I reach
The long-wish'd-for shore,
And meet thy embrace,
I'll miss thee no more.

THE COMPLAINT.

I'm weary of this weary state,—
An heir to sorrow born ;
Foredoom'd, alas ! from early fate
To languish and to mourn.

I can but long, with soul oppress'd,
Without regret or sigh,
To give my spirit up to rest,
Relinquish life, and die.

To die ! but what is it, this thing
Call'd death?—suffice to know,
Whate'er its pains, it may not bring
Us more than mortal woe.

The state above sure cannot be
Much worse than this below,
More fraught with grief and misery :
It may be *better*, though !

Here, time rolls onward as a stream
Of deep and briny tears,

And life's a disappointed dream,
Replete with doubts and fears.

My once warm heart is cold and chill'd ;
The hopes therein that rise
Become like ice congeal'd and still'd,
Or turn to bitter sighs.

Beneath my feet, the very ground
Seems e'en of quicksands made ;
The sky above and earth around
Are cast alike in shade.

No bright-vein'd flowers along my way
Up-spring to give me cheer :
I find as sad the long, long day
As night is lone and drear.

Then may the world beyond that lies
Find not a match in this,
But from the griefs that here arise
Lead to reported bliss.

I'm weary of this weary life !
Too many are its pains,
Too much its agony and strife,
Too few its real gains.

THE REPROOF.

OH, why should life so lonely seem,
Complaining child of earth?
Why be to thee that bitter dream,
Devoid of joy and mirth?

Are there no missions to fulfill?
No duties to perform?
For duties fill'd are friends that will
Stand firm in calm or storm.

Are there no hopes upon life's tree?
No blossoms on its vine,
That may in time expand and be
In more than promise thine?

Are there no gleams around thee cast
Where sunlight used to burn?
No golden bubbles of the past
That float on Mem'ry's urn?

No echoes from that distant shore
Where long ago you roved

With gentle ones, though now no more,
Who once were well beloved.

Are there no murmurs through the trees
That wave above the sod,
No voices in the evening's breeze,
That speak to you of God?

Oh, deem thyself not quite unblest,
Nor in this world alone :
Though friends depart,—those loved the best,—
There still remaineth ONE.

Then turn to Him with heart oppress'd,
With spirit grieved and bow'd ;
Unveil the burden of thy breast,
Thy gloomy soul unshroud.

RIENZI.

UNTO the temple consecrated there
To LIBERTY, in centuries foregone,
With slow and solemn measure we draw near ;
While, lo ! the lovely goddess stoops to mourn.
She bends above the cold and silent clay
Of him,—her faithful and her fav'rite child.

When friends, like autumn's foliage, fell away,
And when life's tempest echo'd fiercely wild,
Her smile shone on as bright as summer's day.

He'd raised on high her ensigns, and he fell
To worship at a shrine so perfect, free ;
But trusted traitors broke the golden spell
Which link'd his soul to life and liberty.
For her,—for freedom's lofty hope and pride,—
Within his fervent, patriotic breast,
Ambition gather'd in its swelling tide,
And dreams of ancient Rome restored, impress'd
His heart. Fame's trumpet sounded far and wide.

He was the savior who would fain have freed
Italia from her dark and galling chain ;
His was the potent will, the ready deed,
To rend oppression's iron yoke in twain.
His ardent spirit burn'd with quenchless zeal
To make a gifted nation once more free,
To break foul tyranny's despotic seal,
And to bequeath to all posterity
The heritage of pristine wealth and weal.

But melancholy task is it to trace,
For bold enactment of heroic part,
The recompense a weak, degenerate race
Pours through the channels of his mighty heart.

For justice exercised for noble ends,
For patriotism long in deeds confess'd,
For hands whose bravery their home defends,
The barbed arrow quivers in his breast,
His parting soul with cruel anguish rends.

Ingratitude ! O Italy, this stain—

The foulest which a nation well can fear—
Doth tarnish and corrode each galling chain
'Neath which your coward vassals crouching bear.
Inured to slavery ! ah, can it be

You have forgot your land is yet *his* grave?
Or crave you, then, no longer to be free,
Nor 'neath your sunny skies again to wave
The banner of enlighten'd Liberty?

From out those smould'ring ashes dim and dark,
Whence once ascended freedom's glowing fire,
Arise ! and fan to life each latent spark :

Let *his* proud name the drooping heart inspire,
Each foe to Liberty then boldly face ;
No longer bow obsequious to wrong,
Redeem Italia from her dull disgrace,
Still to Rienzi's memory belong
The power to rescue yet his sinking race.

M A R I E.

As gently falls the twilight hour,
As softly sinks the day,
With ling'ring touch of glory's power,
Thy spirit pass'd away.
And as the holy even-time,
Before its rays depart,
Reflects its radiance sublime,—
Thy mem'ry left the heart.

But evening's ruby glow and light
From out the sky must fade,
And in the dewy arms of Night
Be wrapp'd at length in shade.
Not so thy mem'ry ever dear,
My soul that doth impel;
No night so deep, or darkness drear,
Can dim its haunting spell.

It comes with pencil warm and true,
And faithful to its trust,
Returns thine image to my view,
From out the silent dust.

For though from earth, they say, thou'st gone,
And vacant stands thy chair,
Although thy loss I deeply mourn,
Thy spirit still seems near.

Each hallow'd scene and token round,
That once thy presence knew,
Seems fraught to-day with sight and sound
All eloquent and true.
The face so bright and kind I see,
With trustful, loving eyes,
That gaze yet tenderly on me,
Like stars from out the skies.

In early morning's blushing hour,
Before the sun e'en sips
The crystal dew from out each flower,
To quench his thirsty lips,
Then, when I stray to meet the breeze,
As erst we used to roam,
Beneath the broad umbrageous trees
Which shade our rural home,

Thy footsteps seem beside mine own
To tread the mossy wood ;
I seem to hear thy laughing tone
Through leafy solitude.

Aurora's breath, that fans my cheek,
My spirit makes rejoice ;
The merry waters seem to speak
In thy familiar voice.

The mountain daisy wears thy look,
As freshly bathed in dew ;
All nature is to me a book
In which I read of you.
Yet must I nevermore behold
Thee with my mortal eyes,
Thy breathing self no more enfold
Until I reach the skies?

Then welcome home, and far away,
Across the waves of Time,
To where thy bark at anchor lay
In the Elysian clime.

UNREQUITED.

To wander on unloved, alone,
No answering echo to the tone
The heart exhales through doubt and pain,
Is but existence all in vain.

Affection's waves to wildly sweep
The chords of nature true and deep,
With none to listen, or respond,
To feelings all impassion'd, fond,
Is day without a sun, and night
Uncheer'd and unillumed by light.
To watch the loved one's absent eye,
And listen to her passing sigh,
Yet know that sigh for you will ne'er
Fall on your anxious, longing ear,
Is torture and exquisite gloom,
Such as portrays Tantalus' doom.
The soul against its prison walls
Calls out for help, but vainly calls:
The seal'd-up fountains of its grief
Can find no outlet of Relief.

KATE'S CONSTANCY.

AND hast thou gone, forever gone,
And left thy Kate alone,
And will she never welcome more
Thy old familiar tone?

Her plaintive voice is on the air ;
And breathings low and deep
Betray the secret of her soul,
Unconsciously in sleep :

“ Oh, sad regret ! oh, cruel thought !
That we no more may meet,
That I must cease to watch and wait
The coming of thy feet !

“ No other bliss in life can fill
The void thy absence leaves ;
The hope which bids me comfort take
But flatters and deceives.

“ The cup of life henceforth is blent
With poison and alloy ;
Thy cruelty hath robb'd it of
Its foaming tide of joy.

“ And though the ‘ Dead March ’ play’d around
The love that late was mine,
And though that love is buried now,
My heart-throbs still are *thine*.

“ Affection’s seeds within my soul,
Which thou once planted there,

Still flower on, and flourish through
The soil of dark despair.

“ ’Tis not because *thou* hast forgot
That I, too, can forget !
Though faded from *thy* memory skies,
Thou art my sunlight yet !

“ We cannot turn the stream’s strong tide
Whatever course we will,
Smooth out the ripples on its breast,
Or bid it, peace, be still.

“ So while I yet in life sojourn,
My heart will reach to thee !
How can it make another choice,
E’en in eternity ?”

TRUTH.

HER garments, pure and white as snow,
In graceful folds around her flow :
Her pleasant smile and brow serene
Add beauty to her modest mien.

She bears a name refined and bright,
And shines the clearest in full light :
They call her in both age and youth
By the enchanting title,—TRUTH.
She's honor's bulwark, ever dear,
She's virtue's mother, fond and fair.
All aims that are not on her built,
Like baseless visions, fade and wilt.
Hers is the pledge by which to bide
Throughout life's ever-changing tide.
No strength can turn her steadfast course ;
She never yields to falsehood's force.
Deceitful waves may o'er her sweep,
And on her bosom *seem* to sleep,
But soon from out the mist she'll rise,
With light triumphant in her eyes ;
For Truth must soar, and falsehood sink
Deep in the cup. Beneath the brink
'Twill lie as dregs, all dusky there,
Whilst Truth o'erflows both bright and clear ;
For Truth, with lofty power given,
By spirit-links is bound to heaven :
An attribute of the All-Wise,
Reflected from its native skies.

THE DARLING OF THE FAMILY.

TO MRS. R. S. L.

I SAW him in his coffin,
 There, lying pale and dead ;
And friends that round him gather'd
 Their tears of anguish shed.
So silent, yet so lovely,
 Though gone the vital breath,
One scarcely could believe it
 That this indeed was death.

His small white hands were folded,
 Like rose-leaves, on his breast ;
His lips just slightly parted
 With smile of heav'nly rest :
As though Death's solemn angel,
 While passing on his way,
Had met him in a moment
 Of merriment and play.

I saw his sisters bending
 Above the sable pall ;

And though he could not hear them,
On him they'd sadly call :
" Oh, hast thou gone, sweet brother,
Thy spirit flown away,
Thy voice that, like a fountain,
Gush'd music all the day ?

" Its rippling tones, now silent,
No more we'll ever greet,
Or listen for the patter
Of merry, bounding feet."
And, like a lovely lily
By sudden storm oppress'd,
The sister's head fell drooping
Upon his pulseless breast.

It seem'd as though she listen'd
For words he could not speak,
E'en while she bathed with kisses
His lately rosy cheek.
She'd been his guide and counsel
Throughout his infant years,
The friend to bless and comfort
'Midst childhood's smiles and tears.

His little tasks and lessons
To her had all been brought ;

Her sanction and approval
The guerdon he had sought.
But now he could not answer
The broken heart that pour'd
Its inundating sorrow o'er
The idol once adored.

"He was the one, dear mother,"
Young Lila sobb'd aloud,
"Of all the household treasures,
Of whom you were most proud."
And little Fannie, stealing
Amidst the others there,
Kept strewing fresh pale flowers
Upon her brother's bier.

With grief suppress'd, the mother
Gazed on the dear, dead child,
Whom God to Him had taken
All sinless, undefiled.
And, while she gazed, came softly,
In through the open door,
A band of blooming children,
Who lightly trod the floor.

Dear little boys ! so many,
With tutor by their side,

Had come to look their last on
 Their comrade who had died.
So late he'd been amongst them,
 In study and in play,
It scarcely seem'd like real
 That he had pass'd away.

'Twas then the fount maternal
 Of nature broke restraint,
The mother's soul outpouring
 In mingled tears and plaint :
“ Whose heart will beat responsive
 As yours to mine, O son?
For who can understand me
 As *you* have always done?

“ Oh, John, oh, John, my darling !
 Could nothing stay you here ?
The friends you used to love so,
 To whom you were so dear ;
The mother and the sisters,
 Whose joy with you must pass ;
Your schoolmates all, who say you were
 The best boy of the class ?

“ And, dear, there is another,
 Whose heart is nearly broke,

Who's smitten 'neath the storm as
The tempest-stricken oak.
Last night I heard him sobbing
Beside the little stand
Which holds the coins and treasures
Just left by your dear hand.

“A father's high ambition
Had built on you his trust ;
While, lo! the hopes he garner'd
Lie trailing in the dust.
Oh, how we'll miss you, darling !
Your young sunshiny face
Will evermore be haunting
Each old familiar place.

“Ah, when the board is ready,
And others gather there,
Our hearts with pain will quiver
To see your vacant chair.
And Christmas time is coming,
Is nearly on us now ;
But we will have no Christmas,
Since you are laid thus low.

“Oh, dearest, lift those lashes,
Like fleecy clouds that lie,

Concealing from the vision
The blue and boundless sky.
I yearn to see them open,
Those eyes of violet hue,
Your spirit's love reflecting,
All fathomless and true.

“Oh, darling!”—but her accents
In broken sobs gave way :
A spirit new awak'ning
Within her seem'd to say,
“Fond mother, cease repining,
Thy heart's rebellion still ;
Bow in submission righteous
To God's o'erruling will.

“Then weep no more your treasure ;
He's happier than e'er
He would have been to tarry
Amidst the changes here.
For care is ever stealing
Across the path of youth,
And sin is daily tempting
Its innocence and truth.

“'Tis well to lay him gently
Beneath the grassy sod,

While yet he held communion
And walk'd alone with God.
You are not from him sever'd ;
For mem'ry's chain is given
With golden links to bind you
Until you meet in heaven."

THE YOUNG EQUESTRIAN.

COME, Music ! bring your sweetest notes,
To imitate his voice,
As on the air his laughter floats
Like melody most choice.

And, roses ! ye your light display,
To match his damask cheeks ;
Your fragrance breathe upon the way,
As he breathes when he speaks.

Ye graceful willows, bow and bend,
To show his supple form ;
Your emerald arms with ease extend,
In sunshine and in storm.

Eight leafy Junes have scarcely swept
Their rose-drifts o'er Time's brow,
Since angels, who had always kept,
Left him in charge below.

And still they watch'd his cradle-bed,
His rosy smiles to win,
Sweet dimples o'er his features shed,
And dropp'd sunlight therein.

And now, so much a man he's grown,—
This bud of promise rare,—
One can predict, when fully blown,
The fruit will be as fair.

The mind of fine productive soil
To increased culture yields,
The frame well knit to conquer toil
Or joy in sport of fields.

To see him mounted on his steed,—
This fair-hair'd boy, Eugene,—
As gayly trotting through the mead,
Or cant'ring o'er the green,

You'd take the child and horse for *one*,
They sway with such accord ;

They bound together, leap, or run ;
As one, the streamlet ford.

His gallant nag, " Prince Charles," and he,
Seem wedded by some link,
Some viewless chain of sympathy,
By which both move and think.

So light in hand, in stirrup light,
With grace they step along,
As steps the cadence clear and bright
Of poetry or song.

With conscious skill the tiny hand
Supports the slender lines,
Obedience gains to each demand,
As each itself defines.

So soft the touch, you scarcely see
The little fingers move ;
Each seems as if a magic key
That fits in lock of love.

With head erect, expanded chest,
And balance kept with ease,
'Tween whip and limb so firmly press'd,
His young Pegasus flees.

His sorrel mane soft winds disturb,
His neck is arch'd and gay,
As gently bearing upon curb
And snaffle as in play.

And he, the lord, whose sovereign sway
His subject meets with joy,
Each impulse glories to obey,—
How happy seems the boy !

His flaxen locks dance in the breeze ;
His blue and cloudless eyes,
As glancing through the leafy trees,
Seem vying with the skies.

They wear the same cerulean shade,
And smile as bright as they :
Oh, may no spirit-cloud invade,
To chase their light away !

Then safely bear thy precious charge,
Gay steed, o'er hills and slopes :
He's freighted with a cargo large
Of rich paternal hopes.

MATERNAL TRAINING.

OH, mother! train thy plant to be
A noble and an upright tree!
Protect each fibre, watch each stem,
That springeth from the early gem:
If thou wouldst have its leaves grow bright,
Incline it upwards towards the light;
Thy vigils close above it keep,
Lest shadows dark should o'er it sweep;
Lest sudden bitterness and gloom
Should mar its tender youth and bloom;
Lest unforeseen some winter wind,
Which passes by with breath unkind,
Should meet it in unguarded hour,
Assail it with resistless power,
Its growth impede, and blight the flower,
While blossoming on to riper hour.
Then, warm and safe in fertile ground,
Encompass it with love around;
So much of human joy or woe
Must from maternal teachings flow.
The mother's heart is as the root
From which outgrows the sapling-fruit.

Let virtue be ingrafted there,
While yet the blossom's fresh and fair,
Before the canker-worm of sin
Hath nipp'd the tender life within.

Let not thy care a moment stray
From thy frail parasite away ;
And, when its branches round thee coil,
It will repay thee for thy toil,
To watch it hourly improve
Within the garden of thy love.
And when its heart clings close to thine,
And with thy hopes its own combine,
While from the dull and earthly sod
It bloometh upwards towards its God,
Then for thy well-accomplish'd task
What greater recompense couldst ask ?

Oh, shield the blossom, guard the prize,
As dark temptations round it rise !
Impart such lessons as may be
Enduring as eternity ;
For when, upon some lonely day,
The parent-stem be borne away,
Throughout life's after-change and pain,
Those lessons pure will still remain,

Producing fruit that e'er shall be
Rich blessings to thy memory,—
Producing fruit that shall attain
Its heavenly heritage and gain.

DREAM OF FAME.

OH, twine a wreath of flow'rets
That typify fair fame,
And bear it to me hither,
To circle round my name !

I would not be forgotten
E'en when my spirit's fled,
And when its frail encasement
Reposes with the dead.

I crave for mystic power,
While sailing o'er life's stream,
To catch the glitt'ring bubbles
Of Reputation's dream.

I crave for gifted genius,
Like Cæsar won and wore ;

For laurels such as shaded
His godlike forehead o'er.

More radiant they than tresses
Of flowing silk or gold ;
They perish not with mortal,
But bloom above the mould.

And I would be remember'd,
While ages onward fleet ;
When in existence' circle
My pulses cease to beat.

I'd carve, with Wisdom's chisel,
Bright monuments to stand,
And breathe abroad my praises
Through each enlighten'd land.

High monuments of genius,
That millions might inspire
With lofty admiration
And emulative fire.

I'd have my name renowned,
While years their course should roll,
In letters clear, emblazon'd
On Time's extending scroll.

BABY BESSIE.

TO MRS. L. H.

Two tiny hands are folded
Across the breast of snow :
The little rippling streamlet
No more with life will flow.

The little heart is quiet
Within its wee, wee cage :
The volume newly open'd
Is closed at the *first* page.

The rose-leaf lids are pressing
Above the eyes of blue ;
The spirit that illumed them
Took wings, and God-ward flew.

A snowflake softly drifted
From off the banks of life,
Where changing winds blow bleakly,
And hurricanes are rife.

And so that drifted snowflake
Was on and upward press'd,
Until it reach'd and melted
Upon the Saviour's breast.

But in the heart maternal
An aching void is left ;
The rock of strong affections
Has suddenly been cleft ;

While in the chasm open'd,
A little name is there,
The cherish'd name of BESSIE,—
Euphonious and fair.

And there within those heart-depths
'Twill fill the sadden'd space,
Until those hearts together
Have throb'd in one embrace.

NAPLES.

So lovely is Naples ! as maid or fay,
Reposing herself between hill and 'tween bay ;
So lovely and gay in the glitt'ring sunlight,—
But lovelier far by the silvery night !
From out on the river I've met the glad view,
Until with my senses my spirit it drew,
And stirr'd ev'ry pulse to devotion and praise
To God and to nature,—His works and His ways.

Then out on the river, come, watch with me here,
While Cynthia gleams from her radiant sphere,
And kisses the wavelets that shimmer below,
Each frothy and bright as if crested with snow !
How grand is the prospect which stretches away
'Midst waters that dash through the beautiful bay,
And imprison the moonbeams in glistening threads,
Intertwining them, too, 'mongst the phosphorousshreds,

Until they are mingled in fold upon fold,
Like clustering flakelets of silver and gold !
Come out on the river, and watch with me here !
So fair from Chiaja the view doth appear ;

The coast and bright hills that are smiling around,
The gardens and villas unrival'd abound,
While some in their ruins more lovely appear,
Like Age when sublimed by the spirit of prayer.

There rises Vesuvius, in noontide so bright,
And robed as in garments of rich purple light,
Though calm 'neath the moonbeams, her brow still
enwreathed

With curls of light smoke from her ardent heart
breathed.

Come watch the light wavelets that sportively play
And kiss the green shores ere they've melted away,
Or onward are borne to the ocean's deep bed,
Like childhood's good-night when its prayers have been
said.

The boats on the bay, as they gallantly glide,
Seem moving and sway'd through a green-color'd tide,
As though emeralds rare were dissolved in the stream,
And out-sparkling and flashing, in gleam upon gleam,
More gorgeously shine on the wave's heaving breast
Than decking the bride for her nuptials drest,
While each feath'ry oar, with its dip soft and light,
Sends back sudden gushes effulgent and bright,

Until it would seem that some mystical hand
This picture with glory enchanted had spann'd,

Or moved through the waters' depths, forward and
back,

To leave o'er their surface a radiant track ;
While oftentimes, too, from a light skiff or boat,
Sweet music is heard on the still air to float,
As though holy angels the scene who might trace
Were mingling their voices its magic to grace,

And teaching the soul in its rapture to soar
Away from this world to Elysian shore ;
And well may it, rev'ling 'midst visions so bright,
From grosser reflections of life take its flight,
And with each outgushing harmonious note,
On pinions triumphant, e'en heavenward float ;
The heart for a while may relinquish its sighs,
Forget all its griefs 'neath Italia's bright skies.

O lovely Italia ! though loveliest at night,
When only thy beauties reveal to the sight,
Inspiring dreams of the far, far away,
Where things the most perfect may never decay.
O glorious Italy ! blest is thy land,
Thou favorite daughter of *Nature's* kind hand !
Though ages have roll'd, with her cherishing love
She never hath fail'd her affection to prove.

Though slaves have disgraced thee, that mother hath
been

A friend as unchanging through sorrow and sin.
Thy hills and thy valleys around thee are seen
Eternally robed in their vestures of green ;
Thy villas are bright as in those days of yore
When Liberty's anthems rang over thy shore,
When Cæsar and Pompey, with soul-swelling pride,
Proclaim'd thee their own and Freedom's fond bride.

Thy skies are as starry, and still smile thy plains,
Though long have thy children been fetter'd by chains.
Though tyranny's bonds may constrain and oppress,
The God of the harvest continues to bless
And crown thy fair soil with those vintages rare
That blossom'd of old and were wont to appear ;
While grasses that grow, and flow'rets that bloom,
Still verdant and fresh around Liberty's tomb,

With silent though eloquent language impart
A lesson of shame to each cowardly heart.
Oh, how could a nation thus languish and fade,
While Nature her cong'ring example display'd !
Then rise ! ye descendants of earth's mighty race !
On Time's floating banner be 't yours to retrace
Your once lofty name. Let mem'ry inspire
And kindle your breasts with the patriot's desire !

Let hope be renew'd, and reclaim as your own
The spirit that erst through your ancestors shone.
O beautiful Italy ! once again be
The model of all that's exalted and free !
The home of the great, and the glorious mart
Where triumph sublimely fair Science and Art ;
Indignantly scatter aside every chain—
And, Italy ! be but your proud self again !

TO EVA.

I've loved thee well and faithfully,
Through long and silent years ;
I've loved thee all unfailingly,
Through sunshine and through tears.
Thou art the star whose radiance
Illumes my faded heart ;
Of all existence *now* and *past*
Thou art the *better* part.
Thou art the trembling light that gilds
Around each blushing flower :—
Let but the sun fade from the earth,
The plants will die that hour.

For naught is self-sustaining here ;
They're *mutual* aids, the weak and strong ;
The ivy and the oak appear
Together to belong.
And I should die, in all my strength,
If thou couldst cease to twine
Around the love that shelters thee
And is forever thine.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

THE twilight shades are gath'ring
Within the western sky,
And spirits long departed
Are coming, coming nigh.

The golden gleams are playing
Against my study-wall,
While voices once familiar
Around me seem to call.

Within this season sacred
And so divinely sweet,
Oh, do they come in earnest,
Our presence here to greet?

These tinkling, tinkling echoes,
That fall upon the ear,
These lulling tones of twilight,
Are they from spirits near?

O disembodied loved ones!
Say! are ye with us now,
While holy light is kindling
Upon each spirit brow,

While pure affection's flowing,
Untrammel'd by control,—
Outgushing from the depths of
Each sublimated soul?

Ah! from those borders misty
Where ages past ye fled,
Do ye at times come hither,
Dear spirits of the dead?

Ye shades of vanish'd heroes!
Ye lofty and ye great!
Who've left a lasting impress
Upon the human fate,

Who've left in gifted genius
Memorials of fame,

The chaplet green and shining
Around each hallow'd name,

While bending o'er your efforts,
Creations bold and bright,
And drinking in the nectar
That streams from mental light,

Oh ! do ye smile upon us,
As we imbibe the glow
That from your themes inspired
Upon our spirits flow ?

Oh ! could we deem a Homer
Was hov'ring by our side,
How would we be transported
With rapture and with pride !

That Shakspeare, or that Byron,
That Shelley, or that Moore,
Would deign to smile upon us
As we rehearsed them o'er ;

As we imbibed their beauties,
And marvel'd there to find
The essence of ecstatic,
Of rich, exalted mind.

Ah ! in these mystic moments
Of calm departing day,
Do ye descend among us,
Or round us kindly stray ?

But whist ! the spell is broken !
The shadows falling by
Have faded and departed
From out the western sky.

The gold and purple curtain,
With rose-gleams interlined,
Is growing dim and dusky,
And day has nigh declined.

The sun has given twilight
Its parting kiss of day,
As in eve's cold embraces
'Tis being borne away.

And so, her sway proclaiming,
With pale and alter'd light,
In robe of spangled sable
Appears the Queen of Night.

THE RETURN OF MAY.

YE beautiful flowers, transient though bright !
Ye emblems of love, ye children of light !
We gather you in the spring of the year,
When nature is smiling freshly and fair.

We stray through the wood, through valley and dale,
Your beauty to catch, your fragrance inhale ;
We taste with delight of the roses' repast,
Ye types of existence too fragile to last.

Ye radiant buds, as brilliant as fleet,
Your visits to earth with pleasure we greet :
We hail in each leaf, each emerald spray,
A messenger pure that heralds in May.

With o'erflowing heart and grateful impress,
We dwell on the season's exquisite dress ;
We note every sound, each vernal spring-call,
That lifts us unto the Author of all.

'Tis HE who has spread the green over earth ;
'Tis HE who accords the flowers their birth,

Who shadeth each petal varied and small ;
Who fixeth each fibre :—HE doeth all !

HE orders the birds 'midst the flowery train
To mingle their music around us again ;
HE gives to the brook its silvery voice,
And blesses mankind with souls to rejoice.

His works are all mirrors, in which to behold
The presence and strength of His Spirit unfold ;
His works are all magnets that draw and enforce
The thoughts of His creatures to Nature's great Source.

ON RECEIVING DR. J. D. W.'S POEM
ENTITLED "THE HEART."

YOUR lines on "The Heart" are welcome indeed !
They come in the season of sorrow and need,
When storms that besieged and robb'd me of rest
Still rage in the heart that burns in my breast.

They come with the promise of sunshine and spring ;
They come like a bird with light on its wing ;
They come when my spirit is fainting and dark ;
They come like the dove of old to the ark.

They're breathing of peace and hope from afar;
Of rest that succeeds life's turmoil and war;
Of happy green fields, that stretch far away
Beyond crumbling leaves and autumn's decay.

"The Heart!" What a world of changes within!
What memories dim of things that have been!
What memories clear, of visions that rise
And gaze from its depths with vanish'd ones' eyes!

What shadows and lights commingle and gleam!
What things that are real, with things that but seem!
Then patience, O Heart! till the seeming take flight,
And the real expands in eternity's light.

FRIEND AND FELLOW-VOYAGER.

TO P. L.

My muse's kind assistance I invite,
While to my friend the promised lines I write:
They should have met his glances long ago,
But then the numbers will not always flow
At bidding, and we sometimes wait the mood
To be by spell of poesy imbued.

With thoughts of thee, dear friend, sweet Mem'ry strays
To well-remember'd hours of other days,
When first we met upon the ocean strand,
But outward bound to distant far-off land,—
Thy native land and sunny Southern isle,
Where summer basks in one unbroken smile.

And well do I recall our journey there,
'Neath skies that frown'd at first, and then grew fair ;
How languor and home-sickness sadly press'd
Awhile upon the lone and weary breast,
And how at length the sadness pass'd away
In social intercourse held day by day.

For there is ever entertainment wrought
From genial interchange of mind and thought :
Thy converse with intelligence allied
Would cause the sands within Time's glass to glide
Quite rapidly away, until the sea
Would seem as pleasant as the land might be.

How oft at eve, as on the deck we'd rest
And watch the sun sink slowly in the west,
Diffusing glory o'er the twilight sky
And shedding lustre on all objects nigh,
Till lofty thoughts of heaven would stir the heart,
Would deep and holy reverence impart.

For on the boundless sea, as on the land,
Is ever visible the master-hand,
Whose skill directs and governs all around :
Within the tempest's rough and raging sound,
Or in the wavelets' hush'd and murmuring tone,
The same omniscient principle we own.

But since that voyage to thy native shore,
Successive years have sped and travel'd o'er
The bridge of Time, and we've recross'd the main,
To meet in this beloved land again,
While have we oft, in retrospective mood,
The scenes foregone of vanish'd years renew'd.

And if, amidst transitions that await
With steps uncertain on life's future fate,
It be thy destiny again to roam
To tropic realms of thy far island-home,
May fav'ring gales their kindest breezes lend
To waft thee there, and back again, dear friend.

SUMMER IS GONE.

SUMMER is gone, with birds and flowers,
With long bright days and golden hours.
Each blooming rose and fragrant gem
Has dropp'd from off the parent stem ;
The bird's sweet song, its carol'd lay,
All pass'd with Summer's hues away,
While we are left alone to mourn
The sunny season from us gone.

With sadden'd heart I breathed my sigh,
As evening's zephyrs floated by ;
But scarce the plaint had utt'rance found,
When on the air fell answ'ring sound :
“ If Summer's gone, why shouldst thou weep ?
All seasons have their time for sleep.
All things beloved must pass away,
And have their rest, like Summer's day.

“ If Summer's gone, with ardent kiss,
Though crown'd with other hopes of bliss,
Has Autumn come, with beauteous days,
To waken man to grateful praise.

The *present* joy embrace, nor mourn
O'er time already past and gone.
The birds fled with the flow'ry train
Will come with wak'ning Spring again.

“ Though leaves lie scatter'd o'er the ground,
And evening's breezes lonely sound,
Fair visions still are left to bide.
Then turn thee to the brighter side :
Behold the lengthen'd twilight hour,
Which Nature floods in rosy shower,
And varied glories all untold,
Portray'd as though with hand of gold !

“ The forest leaves that rustle by
Have caught from out the western sky
The changing tints and gorgeous hues
That mingle with the ether blues.
The leaves, while tossing to and fro,
With whispering voices soft and low
Seem talking, as in mystic tone,
Of green days past they too have known.

“ All talking thus, they dance and play
With sister winds that sweep their way.
The trees, though robb'd of verdure bright,
Still bow in rev'rence to the light.

They lift their heads towards the sky,
And cast their graceful shadows nigh;
They fling their leafless arms with ease
To every swell of Autumn's breeze,

“As though in present joy they bask'd,
Nor droop'd in mem'ry of the past;
Not like the human heart, that aye
Sighs for some blessing that's gone by,
Or else, in discontented mood,
Forgetting what it has of good,
Still fears a future's dread and gloom
May mark its yet unfolded doom.”

SPRING HAS RETURNED.

THE Spring has return'd, with buds and with flowers,
With sunshiny days and bright crystal showers;
The blossoms, exhaling fragrance around,
Enamel and gem the moss-cover'd ground;
The song of the birds, the nightingale's lay,
Are met on the breeze to carol in May;
And Nature, revived from slumber and rest,
Expands to mankind her beautiful breast.

Oh, why did we grieve when Summer was fled
And leaflets of Autumn round us lie dead?
Why faded our hopes with the flowers away?
They were not intended forever to stay.
She meant to return when she bade us adieu,
The laughing Spring season, so tender and true:
She knew we must love her more when her smile
From woodland and meadow had tarried awhile.

Beneath the frost-work of Winter's cold shroud
Each delicate rose submissively bow'd,
While over their heads, from rude chilling snows,
Small hillocks of white, like sepulchres, rose.
But they were foredoom'd, with their sweetness, to
know

A bright resurrection from frost and from snow:
Each tender young bud, with delicate breath,
Reposed but beneath the *semblance* of death.

And now Spring, awaken'd, joyfully brings
Enchantment and light on sunshiny wings:
She flits gayly round through each rosy hour,
Inscribing her name on plant and on flower.
To Nature she speaks, and bids her rejoice:
Each valley and wood resounds with her voice;
Each blossom unfolds and blushes to view,
As kiss'd by a lover tender and true.

The hawthorn and lily, the fragrant woodbine,
Expand with Spring's breath, and beauty combine ;
The violet, too, with retiring air,
The daisy and bell, at her call appear.
She whispers to earth, and softly, unseen,
Her carpet is spread of velvety green ;
The hill-tops uplift their heads to the sky,
And laugh as they meet the sun's ardent eye.

For music Spring calls : from each downy nest
The birdlings are roused from slumber, refresh'd,
While dews of the morn from wings they unfold
Are sparkling and bright like drops of pure gold.
From each feather'd throat outgushes a tone
Of praise and of love that answers her own,
And, wending his course through uppermost sky,
The lark trills his hymns the most lovely on high.

And, mingling in music the birds freely bring
In honor and praise to glorious Spring,
The streamlet and brook respond to her call,
As low on the ear their rippings fall :
All Nature unites, around and above,
To join in the choir of Spring wooing love,
While man, not the least, the harmony feels :
Its magical influence over him steals.

Awakening Nature calls him from rest ;
Her voice is resounding deep in his breast.
She calls him from sloth to action and toil,
As seed and as plant upspring from the soil.
The soul that is dark with sorrow or gloom
Must brighten with hope amidst vernal bloom ;
From mountain and stream must answer the tone
Ascending to HIM, the omnific ONE !

THE CONFESSION.

'Tis all the same, by night or day,
Thine image haunts me still :
Whate'er I do, where'er I stray,
It comes without my will.

I seem to hear thy haunting voice,
Though other tones are round ;
It steals uncall'd upon my ear
With music in its sound.

The very words it utter'd last,
In breathings kind and low,

Across the waves of vanish'd time
Come rippling soft and low.

A hand so warm and full of life
Seems clasping e'en my own :
Its thrilling touch how can I feel
And yet be all alone ?

Alone ! so many miles away !
From thee so far apart !
The very thought my spirit chills
And tortures my sad heart.

Alone ! with only Memory's star
To shed its guiding light
Along the pathway of the past
And bring thee to my sight.

Alone ! We never know, indeed,
How much we are alone,
Until the heart hath fondly nursed
A love it can't disown ;

Until some blight that love hath felt,
Some mildew or alloy,
Some cloud or shadow, hath appear'd
To intercept its joy.

And though at first I vainly strove
To conquer love by pride,
No more that love from thee I'll strive
Or from myself to hide.

It is the victor; and my soul
Lies prostrate 'neath its sway,
And from its portal cannot turn
Thy proffer'd heart away.

And though thy hope hath been deferr'd
By answer render'd late
Which may not meet thee in *this* world,
It will at heaven's gate.

MEMORIES GONE BY.

THE echo of words,
A low-breathing sigh,
Will sweep the heart's chords
With mem'ries gone by,
Will call back bright hours
That once tripp'd away,
Amidst Summer's flowers,
In innocent play.

Though Autumn be gone,
We'll bask in the Spring,
And cull from life's morn
The buds which there cling.

Each playmate and friend
That loved us of yore
In spirit will blend
And greet us once more !
Although they are fled,
And gone to their rest,
Though number'd and dead
'Neath earth's silent breast,
They live in the mind ;
In Memory's skies
Their pictures we find,
With tender-lit eyes ;
On Memory's scroll,
Like stars of the night,
One by one they unroll
And dart into sight.

Oh, sweet to be led
Through green vistas back !
To once again tread
O'er Infancy's track !

To stand within sight
Of Youth's fairy-land,
Where with hope and delight
We walk'd hand in hand,
Before we had known
Experience or sin,
Or Sorrow's harsh tone
Made discord within!

To feel ev'ry thought,
Unblemish'd as snow,
Uncheck'd and untaught,
The soul overflow ;
Those joys that we knew
When childhood was ours,
Ere thistles o'ergrew
Its blossoms and flowers,
Ere Doubt or Dismay,
Invading the soul,
Enticed it away
From Heaven's control ;
Ere jealousy's thread
Entangled the mind,
That early was wed
To sympathies kind :
We revel'd in light,
The sunshine of Spring,—

Nor dream'd of the night
That Winter might bring.

Oh, days of delight !
Now vanish'd and gone,
Now sped from the sight,
Your presence we mourn !
Our murmurs and sighs
Are breathed round your grave,
And tears from our eyes
Its green mosses lave.

Yet we smile through our tears,
When, mellow'd, though true,
Fond Mem'ry appears,
Old scenes to renew,
And wings back those times
Upon us to wait ;
With musical chimes
Our hearts still vibrate.

Oh, would I could roam
In *reality* back,
Through childhood's bright home,
Its dew-spangled track,
Forget all the cares
Since then I have known,

The trials and tears
Affliction hath sown,—
Could rove light and free,
By pleasure beguiled,
And once again be
An innocent child !

A THOUGHTLESS WISH.

I WOULD fain be a bird, with plumage so bright,
To be petted and loved from morning till night,
To be placed in a cage, on a costly stand,
To be fed and caress'd by a lady's hand,

Or be hung for the air from the casement high,
To behold the glad sun and the bright blue sky,
Where the world I could watch, while adrift below,
With its waves and surges of human woe,

And could triumph to think how secure and free
From its troublous tide 'twas my lot to be :
I would carol all day from far dizzy height,
With a heart bounding free and a spirit light.

Or a bird I would be, in the woods to dwell,
And the sweet-scented air with music to swell:
I would build me a home amidst vernal bloom,
There to revel and joy in its rich perfume.

I would dwell up on high amongst green-clad trees,
To inhale the pure nectar of morning's breeze,
And could hear what the leaves in low voices say,
As together they talk and whisper all day.

When my heart like a fountain o'erflow'd with the love
That I long'd with another to share or to prove,
I could skip unrestrain'd from bough unto bough,
To some feather'd mate to breathe my fond vow.

And e'en when night came, from station so high,
I could watch the bright stars encrusting the sky,
And might guess to which star, when life should be
past,

Would my freed spirit soar for a refuge at last.

I could vent my affections, for language too strong,
And could pour out my soul into carol and song.
Oh, such joy I would know, by mortals unheard,
If, instead of myself, were I only a bird!

But, ah! scarce were the thoughts condensed into
words,

When a new spirit seem'd to o'ersweep my heart's
chords ;

For, as breathed with the air, I fancied a tone,
Which, like Conscience, was low, respond to my own.

“Hush ! oh, hush !” said this voice so solemn and wise ;

“For gifts that are thine, let gratitude rise ;

For blessings already with thy being blent,

Ah, drink, freely drink, of the cup of content !

“What ! a bird wouldst thou be, in cage to be barr'd,

From thy kindred exiled, of liberty marr'd,

At the whim of another loved and caress'd,

Or, should memory fail, by hunger be press'd ?

“In thy tiny guilt palace held and confined,

With no friendly hand near to feed or unbind,

To respond to thy need with morsel or crumb,

But all to the voice of thy sorrowing dumb ?

“Oh, how oft 'gainst the wires thou'dst strike thy
poor beak,

Nor thy wrongs nor neglect know whither to wreak :

'Thou wouldst long for the woods with birds that were
free,

And contrast thy sad fate with what it *might be*.

“And e’en in the woods, with liberty thine,
Dost think thou wouldst have no cause to repine?
Then, alas! mortal child! know that everywhere
No condition of life is exempt from its care.

“All existence throughout has channel or vein
Into which may be hurl’d the arrows of pain:
E’en the birds in the woods, with envious fate,
Have their seasons likewise to feel desolate.

“The sweet little warbler, with song of content,
May be destined too soon to grieve and lament;
The nest may be robb’d, and the bird left alone,
To weep o’er the graves of the cherish’d ones gone.

“The loved mate, by its side that sang all the day,
Of a sudden may droop and languish away,
While the poor trembling heart, so happy of yore,
Will have lost all its joy, its sunshine be o’er.

“Then in vain may it sigh for some other fate,
Than its own less lonely, less desolate.
So content thee, O mortal! with thy assign’d lot,
Nor repine for a fate that’s accorded thee not.

“Oh, believe for the best all things are decreed,
And be thankful in heart, be grateful in deed;
Remember the blessings with thy being blent,—
And drink, freely drink, of the cup of content.”

TO THE LOVED AND LOST OF
LONG AGO.

As in some lumber-room where things appear
Without regard to harmony or care,
Where heaps of furniture are cast away,
And Discord holds her undisputed sway,
So do we often strange confusion find
In Memory, the store-house of the mind :
Ideas irregularly interlace
Each other, and grow out of proper place,
Unless the subjects which have entrance there
Are guarded by attention and by care.

Still, from the mass of Mem'ry's garner'd store,
Her records vague of things which are no more,
Our present efforts oft are not in vain
To lucid make the retrospective train,
The cobwebs of confusion to break through
Which seem to veil or intercept the view,
From some old valued picture hid from day,
The gather'd dust of Time to brush away,
Until we see with youthful eyes once more
The golden light upon the vanish'd shore.

And now through Mem'ry's echoing aisles I tread,
And mark the portrait of one loved and dead,
Long loved with that affection undefiled
Deep rooted in the bosom of the child ;
And self-reproach awakes me with her sting,
As this memorial to light I bring.

O thou whose kindness once my life's joy made,
Though long obscured beneath oblivion's shade,
I crave forgiveness that a single day
Should roll upon the wheels of Time away

While thy fond image unrecall'd hath been.
Oh, pardon the neglect ! forgive the sin !
As on thy portrait once again I gaze,
From off the canvas disappears the haze
Of years ; the colors yet are fresh and bright ;
The fond eyes beam with their accustom'd light,
And gaze from out a soul whose every thought,
Like heaven itself, with purity is fraught ;
While on thy brow, as on some leaflet fair,
Is gifted intellect reflected there.

Thy silken locks of brown, arranged aside
From that clear brow, in graceful ripples glide
Adown the temples, till each glossy tress
Meanders there with lover-like caress.

Thus Mem'ry kind, with faithful pen, portrays
To my rapt view the light of other days,
Recalls the past, until again I feel
The fresh and happy heart of childhood steal
Into my bosom ; once again I stand
Beside thy knee and clasp thy loving hand.

And, like the wind's low voice among the trees,
Or harp Æolian stirr'd by evening's breeze,
Thy gentle tones I hear : their very words
Sweep strangely o'er my spirit's inmost chords,
Awak'ning melodies of by-gone days,
When to the child thy well-remember'd praise
Was welcome sweetness which destroy'd alloy
And fill'd her cup with tenderness and joy ;
The charm untold that every echo bore
Steals o'er my pensive spirit as of yore.

I hear thee breathing forth in sweet converse ;
I hear thee lessons of bright truth rehearse :
From out the Book of Life, thy voice refined
Reads, and expounds to ev'ry youthful mind
The holy meaning of each sacred line
Contain'd within the folio divine.
Thy fervent tone with faith inspires the heart,
And bids each apprehensive doubt depart.

But since that hour I fear my soul hath been
Less free from taint of worldliness and sin ;

Hath drifted farther off from heaven, I fear,
Than then when shelter'd 'neath thy pious care ;
For such communion pure could but create
High thoughts and aspirations sublimate ;
And such a heart, within whose pious shade
Firm Virtue there her fix'd abode had made,
Could but reflect that sweet and sacred light
Before which Error took an instant flight ;
And if aught's left in me of good and true,
To *thy* example I confess it due !

But thou art gone ! from earthly ties art fled !
Hast long been number'd with the silent dead !
That voice with kindly tones will never cheer
My lonely spirit more ! I'll never hear
Its tranquillizing notes !—but yes ! 'twill be
The blessed privilege of memory
Its sweetness to revive ; thine image, too,
Recall'd this hour so faithfully to view,
Shall in my mental mirror henceforth dwell,
And ever be life's holy haunting spell.

SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

OH, yes! 'tis a beautiful day ;
Not a cloud in the heavens above ;
All nature is smiling and gay,
And the winds seem to whisper of love.

Throughout is a sense of delight,
Which instills itself into the heart,
Bids sorrow and trouble take flight,
And visions of darkness depart.

All round is so breezy and fair,
On this budding and beautiful morn ;
The roses that bloom everywhere
Seem scarcely secreting a thorn.

Like diamonds that sparkle and dance,
The dew-drops are spangling the trees,
Reflecting each glitt'ring sun-glance,
And stirr'd by the young morning's breeze.

Rich odors are wafting around,
The rose blossoms in showers o'er earth,

And sweet is each clear trilling sound,
For soul-music hath sprung into birth.

The birds have awaken'd refresh'd,
And their melodies lovely and bright
Are pouring from each downy nest
And enhancing the Spirit of Light.

The streamlets are murmuring by,
And, with echoes so pleasant to hear,
They breathe as with rippling sigh
On the raptured and listening ear.

Oh, sunshiny, beautiful day !
Oh, thou spirit of morning and light
That joyfully leapeth away
From the shadowy arms of the night,

Thou'rt welcome to flower and seed ;
To thy radiance with hope do we turn :
To man art thou welcome indeed,
All creation doth hail thy return.

THE WATCHED BLOSSOM.

AH, I watch'd a new blossom,
As it bloom'd bright and fair,
On Mortality's branches,
In the spring of the year.

And I thought that if destined
For maturity's hour,
How exquisitely lovely
Would it be,—this sweet flower !

But while thus was I musing,
All my pulses grew hush'd,
And my dream of the blossom
Of a sudden was crush'd.

For an angel, descending
From the opening skies,
Had caught sight of my treasure,
And gather'd the prize.

And my beautiful blossom
Thus in triumph he bore,

To transplant to the garden
On eternity's shore.

Then I thought, oh, how transient
Are the hopes we nurse here,
And how vain and how trifling
Are the plans that we rear !

THE OLD YEAR.

I BID thee adieu,
Thou vanishing year :
Thy moments are few,
Thy death-knell I hear.

Yet why should I grieve
Thy presence to miss ?
Why sigh to receive
Thy last dying kiss ?

Though youth must decay
With Time's onward tread,
Who'd wish for its stay,
When to sorrow it's wed ?

Who'd shrink from the thought
Of Winter and age,
When Spring-time hath wrought
But gloom o'er life's page?—

When Summer's been void
Of sunlight and flowers,
Nor hope the heart buoy'd
Throughout its long hours!

So, others may weep
O'er thy parting breath:
My vigils I'll keep
And smile at thy death.

Then softly sink down
Oblivion's sea:
We're waiting to crown
The New-Year to be.

And each year that falls
Beneath the dark wave,
My soul nearer calls
To rest of the grave.

Then once more adieu,
Thou vanishing year:
Thy moments are few,
Thy death-knell I hear.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE midnight bell is ringing on the ear
The farewell echoes of the dying year ;
Its solemn voice is bidding us good-bye,
And sadly pealing forth a requiem sigh.

The bell has ceased ! and, lo ! the year is dead !
While, with triumphant though with noiseless tread,
Moves its successor, in its infant prime,
Across the op'ning fields of untrod time.
But standing on thy threshold, youthful year,
The anxious heart vibrates 'twixt hope and fear.
The timid spirit shrinketh weakly back,
Lest cruel thorns should intercept thy track,
Or quicksands there in ambush lie ; for though
Thy first-turn'd page, New Year, be as the snow
Which falls from heaven, undefiled and pure,
Yet who may prophesy or who insure
That, like that snow, which later bears the trace
Of earthly taint, or time doth soon efface,
It may not be also thy destined fate
With darkness, too, to mingle and to mate ?

For whence the mortal wisdom to divine
From indication or from present sign
The Future's course? Not always can we draw
From retrospection knowledge of afar;
Not always does the Past afford a key
Wherewith to turn the lock of the To-be.
The Past! alas, were ours the potent skill
To scan the unroll'd Future at our will,
Would pleasure from the magic power flow?
Or would it cause increase of pain and woe?
The Past! oh, even now its vanish'd tone
Sweeps mem'ry's chords with echoes sad and lone;
For who hath not beheld life's joy-beams fade,
Or quench'd beneath affliction's sudden shade?
Who hath not watch'd delightful dreams depart,
Delicious hopes once cherish'd in the heart,
By adverse causes scatter'd, toss'd about,
Long languish on a weary bed of doubt,
Until on Disappointment's sable bier
Borne slowly to the grave of dark despair?
But let us dwell not *now* on sorrows gone,
Nor buried joys continue more to mourn,
But from the ashes of the Past appear,
All phoenix-like, and welcome the New Year.
No longer let corroding grief control
Or hold in fetters the immortal soul:

What earthly pain we may not flee from here,
We'll summon strength to conquer or to bear.
It should be in this world of toil and strife
That trials fit us for a better life.
Then, impotent to scan the Future's fate,
Or judge what best may suit our mortal state,
To Thee, O GOD, we turn the feeble heart :
Thy strength and love divine wilt Thou impart ?
Whate'er our fate throughout the year may be,
Still, may we trust with ev'ry change in Thee !

THE CONVERT.

TO S.

THE sun was fading from the west,
The shadows fell around,
The golden hand of twilight hour
Came sweeping o'er the ground.

And from o'erhead it enter'd there,
Through windows stain'd and bright,
On chapel floor and altar pure,
The flood of crimson light.

And holy eve seem'd holier here,
In God's own sacred fane,
So calm and still, so peaceful all,
His presence seem'd to reign.

The lamp of Faith burnt bright and clear,
As keeping watch around ;
The silence was unbroken all
By human voice or sound.

But suddenly a door unclasp'd,
And enter'd softly there
A priest, with maiden by his side,
Of gentle form and fair.

A courage seem'd to nerve her heart,
Though pale the youthful cheek ;
Upon the ground were downward cast
The eyes so dark and meek.

She'd come to yield one Christian faith,
In which from youth she'd grown,
And to another bind her heart
And claim it as her own.

Conversion broke the olden chain,
To forge this one so new,

Whose links her mind had learn'd to think
Were brighter and more true.

The altar's fount she reach'd and knelt,
With rev'rence and with love,
And angels saw truth in her heart,
While gazing from above.

And by her side, in priestly robe,
With calm and peaceful brow,
The holy man his station kept,
To register each vow.

His voice was low, though firm and clear
Each whisper'd echo fell,
And fervently she seem'd to breathe,
As in a sacred spell.

The twilight shadows o'er her swept,
With radiance rare and bright ;
She seem'd the figure of a saint,
Portray'd in golden light.

The scene was one the artist well
Might love to pencil out,—
The sunlight and the chapel thus
With kneeling form devout.

A subject well deserving thought,
A picture bright 'twould be
Of beauty rare to gaze upon,
Of faith and purity.

TO MY MOTHER.

WE *feel* far more than we can ever speak;
Within are thoughts that we can never tell;
The praises of the tongue are faint and weak,
In contrast with the spirit's potent spell.
While in the secret heart enshrined and bright,
Some names and subjects sink alike to rest,
Encircled by a halo of fair light,
As though in characters of gold impress'd;
And *Mother's* is the holiest and best.

O mother! in my heart there is a fount,
From whose clear depths eternal love doth spring,
From whence my unrestrain'd affections mount,
And fain a tribute of their worth would bring.
Thou art the guiding star whose light hath shed
Its rays of purity on those around:
Thy loving ones to thee in faith are wed,—

As ivy round her steadfast oak is wound
Their spirits unto thine are firmly bound.

Maternal tie ! so full of hope and joy,
So cherish'd by each fond and feeling heart,
So all unsullied by earth's gross alloy,—
Of life thou art the sublimated part.
Direct from heaven comes a mother's trust ;
With deep and solemn charge is it impress'd,
To shield her offspring from contagious rust
Of dangers dread that life throughout infest :
How anxious grows her tender, loving breast !

Though all the world a dreary desert prove,
'Though friends may fall away, or foes despise,
One cup we'll find o'erflowing bright with love,
One green oasis in the heart will rise.
The same will be to us through saddest tears,
That love that always made our joy more bright,
That gladden'd all the past and sunny years ;
'Twill still diffuse its holy beacon-light
Throughout misfortune's dark and gloomy night.

Here anch'rage safe, here welcomes true and kind,
The broken spirit ne'er may seek in vain ;
A hallow'd refuge here the soul may find
Amidst life's troublous sea of doubt and pain ;

Here, 'gainst thy tried and thy devoted heart,
Thy stricken ones may lay the weary breast,
Until the dark and feverish dreams depart,
And in thy love immaculate and blest
They once again are solaced and at rest.

O mother ! as on dreams of thee I dwell,
Sweet Mem'ry comes with strange and magic power
To weave my thoughts in soft and silken spell,
And bear my spirit back to earlier hour.
Her cup nectareous she kindly holds,
With draught that savors of the years foregone ;
She wraps my senses in her downy folds,
While from the present am I lightly borne,
To stand encompass'd by life's rosy morn.

I see thy image as of old impress'd ;
In innocence my arms thy neck entwine ;
My infant head is pillow'd on thy breast,
Mine eyes gaze up to drink the light of thine.
I read the love upon thy brow so clear,
I mark the varied shadows flitting by,
Unconscious though upon my listless ear
Will fall at times the half-suppressed sigh
That mingles with thy gentle lullaby.

Perhaps, with future dreams thy mind imbued,
Alternate hope and fear may glide awhile

Athwart the heart with deep and pensive mood,
And chase away the sunshine of thy smile.
Dear mother ! by thy side again I kneel ;
My sisters, too, are gather'd with me here ;
Emotions deep and earnest o'er me steal,
And, as the night-time draweth gently near,
We murmur forth our holy evening prayer.

As then it fell, is ling'ring still thy voice,
In low and sweet vibrations, on the ear ;
Those tones which made thy little group rejoice
Seem'd Music's self,—her very essence were ;
They bore the echoes of a mother's heart.
The airs you used to sing in childhood's days
Of mem'ry now form e'en the fondest part,—
Those olden songs, and sweetly soothing lays,
Which won each listener's voluntary praise.

'Twas when the twilight's softly witching power
Enfolded earth in mellow, sombre hue,
And brought day's loveliest and pensive hour
With golden beauties to the ravish'd view,
And when from out the quiet wintry hearth
The cheerful glow embraced the shadows round,
Thy youthful band would quit its play and mirth,
While of thy melody to each sweet sound
Responsive would their happy hearts rebound.

But years since then have fled by, and borne
Dear trusted dreams from out the anguish'd heart;
With drooping wing the spirit's learn'd to mourn,
And wept too soon to see the loved depart;
For of that gay and happy household band
One perfect link has fallen from the chain;
We miss the tender clasp of one soft hand:
To join with them in high and lofty strain,
One soul refined have kindred angels ta'en.

Thy children's years, O mother! hast thou blest:
Thy music's turn'd discord from them away;
Thy valued love hath soften'd down to rest
The harsher strokes of life: may they repay
(While yet existence doth her strength impart,
While gratitude is deem'd no wrong or shame)
The constancy of thy devoted heart,
And, while proud Virtue holds her spotless fame,
Adore thy ever dear and honor'd name.

Affection's chords that thee around entwine,
Beyond all time, oh, may they cling as now!
But may no tone of sadness here combine
To throw heart-shadows o'er thy tranquil brow!
May years, long years, to thee extend,
Each crown'd with brighter blessings than the past,
Each coming as a true, faithful friend,
With sweet contentment on thy way to cast,
Unfolding changeless peace until the last!

I DREAM'D OF THEE.

I DREAM'D of thee, dear love !

I dream'd thou wert with me ;
The stars shone clear above,
The air breathed harmony.

The dew lay on the flowers,
And voice of Philomel
Gave to the passing hours
The charm of mystic spell.

We wander'd through the groves
Where oft of old we've stray'd,
Where once we joy'd to rove,
As children we have play'd.

The music of thy voice
Fell on my gladden'd ear,
And made my soul rejoice
In thought that thou wert near.

My hands on thine I laid ;
I strove thy form to clasp :

When, lo ! it seem'd to fade
And vanish from my grasp.

I started from my sleep,
To listen for that tone :
Alas ! I could but weep,
To find myself alone.

Then o'er me came the truth,
That thou wert far away,
Thy spirit in its youth
Was sever'd from its clay.

It floated from the earth,
To higher, holier sphere,
And found celestial birth
With kindred spirits there.

And so life's loveliest dreams
Are but of transient stay ;
Their glitt'ring, golden gleams
Are follow'd by decay.

But in those fields above,
Where thou art flown for aye,
The blossoms of bright love
Expand and never die.

For joy there is not made
Of stuff like earthly things,
Doom'd to dissolve, or fade
Away on airy wings.

THY SISTER'S VOICE.

TO HARRY.

THY sister's voice ! within thy heart
Let every echo bide ;
And when from her thy steps depart,
That voice may be thy guide,—
May tell thee of the stormy deep,
And whisper of the light,
May caution thee where danger sleeps,
'Midst misty shades of night.

Thy sister's voice ! on sea or shore,
In mem'ry guard it well ;
And should temptation shade thee o'er,
'Twill be to thee a spell.
'Twill call thee from the gloom away,
And breathe of "auld lang syne,"

Where meadows smile and streamlets play,
In haunts that once were thine.

Thy sister's voice ! when far away,
Should strangers prove unkind,
That voice with thee will ling'ring stay,
Thy broken heart to bind.
With thoughts of home that buoy thee up
Thine alter'd lot to meet,
'Twill change the draught within thy cup
From bitter unto sweet.

Thy sister's voice ! should crosses mar
Ambition's youthful dream,
Oh, let her mem'ry be the star
On thy dark path to gleam !
Her tones will steal o'er lonely times,
To call thy spirit back
From distant scenes and foreign climes
To home's inviting track.

Thy sister's voice a link may be
To wed thy soul to truth,
To happy days, when thou and she
Roved on the banks of Youth :
'Twill call thee back to boyhood's hours,
To life's delicious morn,

When o'er thy pathway cluster'd flowers
Unsullied by a thorn.

Thy sister's voice ! within thy soul
Then treasure up each tone ;
Let naught erase from memory's scroll
The voice that speaks of *home*.
'Twill nerve thy will to purpose strong,
And through thy being blend ;
'Twill constant prove, through grief or wrong,
The voice of thy best friend !

IMMORTALITY.

TO J. O. S.

ALL things in course of nature serve to show
Effects from causes adequate must flow ;
And though the cause direct lie 'neath a mist,
Occult or hidden, still must it exist.
And every seed within the ground that's sown
In blossoming forth a fostering hand must own,—
A hand that penetrates the inmost earth
And brings the plant and flower in time to birth,—

A practiced hand, whose wondrous skill and power
With graceful beauty shade each leaf and flower;
That rears the fruit so perfect from the sod,
So all creation speaks *aloud* of God.

And that same hand whose touches bright invest
The flowers, hath on the mind the truth impress'd
That man hath been created for a sphere
Continued from the life that's open'd here.
Else why these lofty longings of the soul,
These aspirations which resist control,
The ever strong and paramount desire
That serves to stimulate and to inspire
With effort to escape the moths of sin
That desecrate the purity within
The temple of the mind,—to sublimate
Our souls? for feelings that we cultivate
Conviction whispers will exist, and be
Triumphant, when the frail mortality
Shall from the immaterial fall away
And once more moulder with its native clay.

Each moral gain, each effort spent
In righteous service and with good intent,
Must yield fair fruit, and just reward must find.
Good will and true nobility of mind

Must live beyond this life, and to us be
 Rich heritages in eternity.
 For He that clothes us with internal sense
 Of his omniscience and omnipotence
 Indelibly has written on the mind
 The God-gain'd knowledge which we therein find,—
 That mortal man must heir apparent be
 To crown of glorious immortality.

IMPROMPTU.

FATHER ! to Thee I bow the knee ;
 In trust and praise my voice I raise :
 Oh, keep me pure, from ills secure,
 From ev'ry thought with danger fraught,
 From ev'ry deed of sinful seed !
 I would escape from ev'ry shape
 Of crime or wrong that may belong
 To life, and bring its poison'd sting ;
 I would improve in heavenly love,
 That gives the mind its tone refined.
 O God of might, Thy holy light
 I pray impart to my dark heart !
 Let not my prayers and silent tears

Be void of gain, or all in vain ;
But compensate each struggle great
With victory to set me free
From galling pains of sin-forged chains ;
Let good desire my soul inspire
To upward flight of heavenward height !
Father, this day to Thee I pray
With heart sincere, yet fill'd with fear !
For, oh, I feel, e'en while I kneel
Thy throne to seek, how willful, weak,
Is life, and all how prone to fall,
How hard to stay Temptation's sway !
Then, oh, invest my wayward breast
With strength and might to strive for right !
Thou seest my woe, its speechless flow ;
Its faintest moan to Thee is known :
Each want of mine, if Thou design,
Thou canst supply, and still each sigh.
Then keep my soul 'neath Thy control,
Until my life, with sorrow rife,
Shall sink to rest, in Thy love blest.

THOU SLEEPEST CALMLY.

THOU sleepest calmly, sister ; thy last breath
Is still'd in deep repose of solemn death ;
Thy grave is green, for Spring again is here,
And flowers upon the velvet sward appear.

The fleecy sky of May is blue above,
And birds are singing songs of tend'rest love ;
While, chiming in with every silv'ry note
That's sweetly warbled from each feather'd throat,
The purling stream, with clear and crystal flow,
Is tinkling o'er its pebbly bed below ;
While through the wavy branches of the trees
Are low, mysterious voices of the breeze.
Array'd in royal robes on ev'ry side,
All Nature seems elate with vernal pride ;
Her ringing tones, appealing to the heart,
Emotions unrestrain'd and deep impart.
But sound and sight alike to thee are vain :
The spirit fled returneth not again.
And, oh, I miss thy presence, here denied ;
I miss the best companion from my side ;

I miss the sunny smile, the laughing tone
Once wont to cheer and mingle with mine own ;
And, while the moss-grown ground alone I tread,
I sigh in vain to think that thou art dead,
Art gone, and journey'd far away from here,
Wilt ne'er to human vision more appear !

And, yet, were it within my feeble power
The vital spark to kindle this same hour,
To press my lips upon thy living brow,
And have thee with me, dearest, even now,
To take thy mortal hand within my grasp,
And feel again its warm responsive clasp,
How could I to the sweet temptation dare
With selfish love to yield, and bring thee here,—
Here, where with music-notes, with birds and flowers,
Are mingled discord, thorns, and bitter hours !
Here, where rude sorrows oft, alas ! infest
And rob our days of promised peace and rest !
Here, where within Life's scales the gross alloy
Outbalances non-compensating joy !
And though the world around be fair and bright,
And Nature's self be deck'd in robes of light,
Yet, 'neath yon arch of blue, the vaulted skies,
That hold the stars and gorgeous sunset dyes,
How many a heart is wrapt in Sorrow's shroud,
'Neath clanking chains of discontent is bow'd.

The bitter seeds of pain are freely sown,
And Melancholy claims us for her own.

As here I kneel beside thy place of rest,
I feel my spirit lonely and oppress'd,
Misgivings fetter'd to my brooding soul,
Which inly rankle and resist control ;
And, rather than recall thee to this life,
To buffet still amidst its waves of strife,
I eagerly await the blessed day
When I on airy wings shall pass away,
Shall be translated to the higher sphere,
And, soul to soul, shall recognize thee there.

DEATH OF TITUS.

OH, sad and solemn sight, to see
Those youths bow'd down in agony !
Upon each brow the settled gloom,
That painful index of their doom,
Which plainly tells that Hope is dead
And all save dark Despair is fled.
'Twere vain to seek to mitigate
Thy fix'd decree, relentless Fate !

From those arraign'd as guilty, turn
To view their judge, severe and stern :
In every line those features show
Resolve ; no mercy seem to know.
'Tis dread necessity's control
Which governs Brutus' mighty soul.⁽⁵⁾
What ! he,—Rome's liberator,—he
Forgive the plot of foul conspiracy?

What though a father doom his son ?
'Tis JUSTICE wills the deed be done ;
Yes, for that cherish'd life he gave,
'Tis Justice asks an early grave.
And while Astræa by his side
With aspect awful doth abide,
With steadfast voice she doth suppress
The tears of nature's tenderness.

Upon the altar, where the blow
Was struck 'gainst Liberty, let flow
The traitors' blood ; and let arise,
As Freedom's fearful sacrifice,
The dread and dying knell :
Oh, let its warning echoes tell,
More prized than kindred ties or home
To BRUTUS was the cause of ROME.

Weep, Collatinus ! sadly weep !
Give vent to anguish lone and deep ;
Thy manhood's tears, so long and late
Shed for the chaste Lucretia's fate,
Pour down thy cheeks once more like rain ;
But, oh, those tears are all in vain,—
Vain save as channels of relief
Unto thy soul's unfathom'd grief.

For mark the Roman father's eye
Transfix those youths led forth to die :
Whate'er the inward bosom feels,
No outward sign or look reveals.
Unswerving is the mandate's tone
Which leaves him childless and alone ;
The victims suffer,—breathe their last,—
And Tarquin's hopes are foil'd and past.

But who shall tell the siege that press'd
The fortress of the patriot's breast ?
Of mightier merit and renown
Than that which struggling warriors crown :
They fight 'gainst foes ; his vict'ry gain'd
Is over *self*,—his power restrain'd
The sparks of nature, and his soul
Lay prostrate 'neath his will's control.

CEASE, MY SPIRIT.

OH, cease, my spirit, thy complaint ;
 Suppress thy wail of woe !
Although exhausted, weary, faint,
 And sick of life below,

Still meekly bear thy weight of grief,
 Nor murmur at thy lot !
WHO giveth pain can give relief :
 Let this not be forgot.

Prostrated at His gracious throne,
 Communing with thy God,
His wisdom and His justice own,
 And kiss His chast'ning rod.

No night so dark but cometh day,
 Its morn at length appears ;
No cloud so charged but weeps away
 Its gloom at last in tears.

And though the shadows round thee sweep,
 They cannot last for aye ;

Though bow'd by anguish lone and deep,
That anguish must pass by.

And if thy day should dawn not *here*,
'Twill break, when life is o'er,
In undimm'd lustre, bright and fair,
On the eternal shore.

APRIL.

ABOVE, the blue and undimm'd skies
Expand all fair to view,
And zephyrs soft as lovers' sighs
The ear with music woo.

But, oh, we gaze upon the light,
Nor know how soon 'twill part ;
For things we love take earliest flight,
And leave us lone at heart.

So like the maiden, fickle, coy,
Young April e'en appears,
Now radiant with smiles and joy,
Now bathed in plenteous tears ;

Now dimpling with the warm sunlight,
Reflecting lustre down ;
Now clouded as the shades of night,
With sudden, angry frown.

And with each varied, changeful sign,
The vernal blossoms seem
To droop in sadness and repine,
Or with sunshine to gleam.

Though joy in April's smiles we find,
We'll not bewail its gloom,
Since sunlight and its tears *combined*
Give Summer's flowers bloom.

And brighter beam those golden hours
That follow clouded skies ;
The trees bedew'd by crystal showers
Are robed in rainbow-dyes.

All life is but an April's day,
Alternate light and shade,
Where joy will not forever stay,
Nor grief always invade.

But for the rain which oft descends,
The sorrow and alloy,
That with the light of pleasure blends,
We scarce would value joy.

LOU'S POET'S CORNER.

TO L.

AND thus, kind friend, you're pleased to call
The spot wherein my leisure's spent.—

A homely place is it withal,

Has few attractions with it blent.

Yes, few for others,—though to me

'Tis hallow'd in its solitude.

Here, from the world I love to flee,

To muse alone in pensive mood ;

Here, from its shelter will my heart

Steal forth to revel in the light,

To feed on dreams from life apart,

Such dreams as glow with lustre bright,

Here oft I meet sweet Peace and Rest,

Those gentle sisters who repose

With confidence within the breast

Where true contentment freely flows.

And when the world without's unkind,

When friends betray or traitors prove,

A ready refuge here I find,

And bring my store of wounded love.

Here may my spirit weep alone,
My throbbing bosom breathe in sighs,
With none to note my plaintive tone
Or mark the tears that fill mine eyes.
Ah! luxury it is to vent
And give the weary feelings sway,—
The pent-up soul, with sorrow rent,
To weep unseen its gloom away.

But, for the present passing time,
A truce we'll cry to dull romance,
And of this spot, in simple rhyme,
I'll give you e'en a closer glance.
Now listen, while I send exact
A plain description of the place,
And leave untold no single fact
Which marks its outward style and grace;
For, like the eagle soaring high
To build his home in mountain crest,
In proud contentment here have I
Secured an attic for my nest.

I cast my searching eyes around,
Its just proportions to scan o'er:
'Tis full four stories from the ground;
Twice twelve feet long, as many more

In breadth; the walls and ceilings, though,
Are somewhat crack'd, and rather worn,
And for my taste almost too low;
But these are trifles to be borne.
For still my fancy in its flight
With eagle pinions soars on high;
It takes no heed of breadth or height
As through the clouds it gains the sky.

'Tis not the spot in which we live,
Nor things inviting to the sight,
That bliss bestow, or comforts give;
The heart it is that makes all bright.

But, I must bear it in my mind,
I have not said a single word
Of furniture: of style or kind
You have not yet so much as heard.
'The number five proclaims of chairs
My stock: 'tis not so very small;
Though Time's impress on each appears,
And some seem e'en prepared to fall.
They might not please a connoisseur,
In luxury accustom'd oft
His dainty limbs to rest secure
'Midst satin cushions warm and soft.

The chair which now I occupy
Is sound enough, though speaks much use ;
Another one that is close by
As plainly tells of gross abuse ;
The next thereto might seem quite neat,
But that its back is long since lost ;
The next to that wants but a seat,
Which I've discover'd to my cost,
For, prone to be *distract* in mind,
I have forgotten o'er and o'er
The fact, and been surprised to find
Myself prostrate upon the floor.
Ah ! yonder stands my great arm-chair ;
It claims a history of its own ;
But I suppress the rising tear
It oft invokes for days foregone.
Here hath my grandsire often sate,
With smile serene and placid brow :
Alas ! he'd mourn its shatter'd state,
Could he but gaze upon it now,
Could he behold its broken legs,
Its bruises numberless, untold,
Its rusty and metallic pegs,
Which glisten'd once like burnish'd gold.
But change with everything appears :
Upon each leaf and tree and bark,

Also on furniture and chairs,
It leaves alike its meaning mark.
And he who fill'd this vacant seat,
Whom mem'ry tenderly reveres,
Whose eyes benign I loved to meet,
Whose death awoke my saddest tears,
From kindred ties long since estranged
And vanish'd from the light of day,
He too from warmth and life is changed
To silent dust and pulseless clay.

But to my theme ! of chairs no more.—

Of carpet I confess I've not
An inch to cover up the naked floor
From many a dull and dusky spot
Which maculates it here and there ;
For in my said abstracted mood
I hardly heed each ebon tear
My weeping pen sheds o'er the wood.
My poet's corner hath a case,
In which old manuscript I lock:
Could you behold this ruffled place,
I fear it might your senses shock.

My table is of plain pine wood,
With drawer and slab the same to match ;
My desk I think is pretty good,
Though here and there it hath a scratch.

Dear little desk ! on thee I gaze,
And feel thou art my friend sincere :
I've bent above thy dusky baize
Full many a long and lonely year.

My pens and papers scatter'd round,
My folios' pages open'd wide,
My books in varied textures bound,
Proclaim my pleasures and my pride.
Oh, study is the mind's delight !
Though worldly friends be from us flown,
With master-spirits pure and bright
We never can be all alone.
Dear books, companions of my soul,
Sweet friends of silent eloquence,
Whose influences pure control,
And all my labors recompense !

I've bent above each oft-read line,
O'er thoughts harmonious, and words
That with their melody divine
O'ersweep, within, responsive chords.
No other draught in life can bring
Of nectar such exquisite sips
As from the bright Pierian spring
Outgushes to the thirsty lips.

THE FIRST DEATH.

'Twas the first time that Death,
With his cold dewy breath,
 Invaded the family band ;—
But he came without sign,
And he made us repine
 The work of his desolate hand.

In an unwary hour,
When the loveliest flower
 Shed beauty and bloom on life's way,
From the parent stem too,
And so bright to the view,
 He gather'd and bore her away.

Oh, it seem'd as if light
Had been merged into night,
 No more to enliven the earth.
Low the vernal winds sigh'd,
When the darling one died,
 As if Nature too mourn'd o'er the dearth.

And now hush'd is the voice
That hath bade us rejoice,
 And still'd are those accents so dear :

They'll ne'er come again,
Amidst trials and pain,
 With wonted affection to cheer.

For her home is on high,
Past the beautiful sky.
 She used to gaze longingly there:
Of the angels she'd talk,
And of when she should walk
 The garden of Eden so fair.

And although she has gone
From the hearts that must mourn
 And miss her dear presence each day,
Yet who would call back,
To life's weary track,
 The spirit released from the clay?

For this world is at best
But a place of unrest;
 And griefs that to-day we escape
May to-morrow the heart,
With their envenom'd dart,
 Assail in some deadlier shape.

Then, oh, why should we weep,
When the darling ones sleep
 The sleep of the just and the true?

We should rather rejoice
They have been the first choice
Of God from amongst the home-crew.

But I could not thus think
When first Death came to drink
The spring of her life in its flow :
My heart melted away,
As I gazed on the clay,
As white as its pillows of snow.

Oh, the beautiful face,
With each feminine grace,
And clustering tresses so soft,
In the coffin lie there,
Just as tranquil and fair,
As sleeping I'd seen it so oft.

But Death's bow was once strung,
And his arrows were flung
Anon, and amidst the household ;
While with unerring aim,
He made good his claim
In selecting new lambs from the fold.

I've seen them depart
Like the hopes of the heart,
Their places left vacant below ;

Till my soul, 'midst its tears,
And all shaken by fears,
Cries, "When will the other ones go?"

But, oh, may it not be,
Till my spirit shall flee
Away to Elysian shore,
To welcome them there,
In the holier sphere,
When their pilgrimage here shall be o'er.

LETHARGY.

OH, what is this I feel?
As though a sheath of steel
Encased my sentient heart,
From joy kept it apart,
And each emotion held,
No more to be impell'd,
To pulsate or rebound
With ecstasy around.

Sensations once I knew,
Within my breast that grew,

Seem dead, forever gone !
Without a tear to mourn
Their death, or even sigh
That they so soon should die.
Oh, sad is it to be
The slave of Lethargy !

To feel the clanking chain
Thus fetter and restrain ;
Thus cabin'd and confined,
Inert in soul and mind.
Can this be growing *old* ?
This feeling dull and cold,—
This absence of the glow
That warm'd my spirits' flow ?

That once imparted light,
Made things around seem bright,
My life appear'd to fold
In colorings of gold ?
Oh, would that I could feel
The heart of boyhood steal
Within me, as of yore,
With all the bliss it bore !

How fast the moments flew,
How bright the flowers grew,

When all around was green
Amidst the dewy sheen !
Ah, would that I could be
As careless and as free,
As full of love and joy,
As when I was a boy !

Or would that I had died
While youth was in its pride,
Before a settled rust
Corroded hope and trust,
And while my bosom, still
Susceptive to each thrill
Enthusiasm woke,
Ignored this iron yoke !

Oh, mournful 'tis to be
The slave of Lethargy !
To see the fires fade,
Where once their radiance made.
The altar of the heart
All bright !—to see depart
Each gleam, and ev'ry spark
Decay to ashes dark !

Ah, sad is it to be
Of frail mortality

The heir,—with life to strive,
Fresh feelings to survive!—
Like some poor wreck in view,
Deserted by its crew,
Upon the waters left,
Of human hope bereft,

Of human thought and care,—
To float at random here
Or there, sway'd by the tide,
The billows rough to ride,
Unstored and all unmann'd,
Without an outstretch'd hand
To rescue or to save
From out the threat'ning wave!

Oh, could I rend in twain
This strange lethargic chain,
Disperse the sullen gloom
Of this now morbid doom!
Should such remain my fate,
I can but watch and wait
Till from its clog of clay
My soul shall break away,

And, like a bird set free
From long captivity,

Shall vanish from the sight
In far and distant flight,
On airy wings shall soar
Where fleshy bars no more
Can fether or restrain
With dull, lethargic pain.

ANOTHER YEAR.

THUS hour by hour, and day by day,
Another year hath roll'd away,
Till, sailing down the stream of Time,
We view ahead the New Year's prime.

And, lingering thus between the years,
Unbidden doubts and secret fears
Upon the heart come floating by,
Like summer clouds athwart the sky,
And steal away its joyous mood,
On graver thoughts alone to brood ;
For Retrospection calls the gaze
To by-gone dreams of other days,
When friends beloved and voices dear
Were wont to mingle in our cheer.

But now we call each name in vain ;
No voices give those tones again,
And mem'ry of the sever'd ties
Awakens deep and bitter sighs.
O friends beloved ! forever gone !
The spirit turns for you to mourn ;
Each tender trait, each feeling kind,
With freshness sweeps across the mind,
And calls to life once more those hours,
All faded now like vanish'd flowers.

From blessings past that would not stay,
But flew like frighten'd birds away,
We gaze on blessings lingering nigh,
Nor know how soon they too may die ;
But, even while we most despond,
So like a mother true and fond,
Comes gentle Hope, with smiling mien,
And gives us strength on her to lean.
“ Look up, look up,” she'd softly say ;
“ There's light above : still lingers day ;
And when it comes, the weary night,
Beyond the clouds there's *always* light.”
And holy Faith her steps pursue,
With voice that sounds like music too :
“ Oh, trust the future, though it be
For purpose wise conceal'd from thee ;

And let thy doubts all buried lie
Within the year now passing by.
Oh, trust thy GOD, whate'er it be,
The burden He impose on thee ;
For sorrows sent by the ALL-WISE
Are often blessings in disguise.

“ Then should the fount of grief o'erflow,
Still praise the Hand that deals the blow ;
For He who wounds may also heal,
His will decides thy woe or weal ;
He knows thy needs, and hath supplies
For every want that in man lies.”

Then oh, my GOD, while thus I feel,
Prostrated at Thy throne I kneel,
And crave for strength my soul to stay
Throughout life's dark and stormy way.
Oh, may the year now opening be
From sorrow and from darkness free !
And from the Past thus newly born
May it unfold a cloudless morn ;
And as its noon shall onward blend,
Still let Thy blessings, LORD, descend,
Until its evening gently close
In peaceful and in calm repose.

Oh, turn my wayward heart to Thee
In growing faith and purity,
That I each coming year may be
More worthy, Lord, to worship THEE!

LOVE ME STILL.

Oh, love me still! I cannot live
From thy dear smile away;
The past forget, and all forgive.
Oh, love me still, I pray!

Oh, love me still! I loved thee well
When false I *seem'd* to thee:
Let not belief against me dwell
Within thy memory.

I have not swerved in thought or deed.
Oh, try me, trust me now;
Look in my face, and there you'll read
Truth written on my brow!

Oh, love me still! The flowers will fade
Without the light of day;
The heart will droop, if cast in shade,
Without Love's cheering ray.

Oh, love me still ! My soul is dark
Without affection's light ;
All earth seems blank, without a spark
To cheer the lonesome night.

Then love me still ! My heart is thine ;
My spirit clings to thee ;
Lift up thine eyes once more to mine,
And place thy trust in me.

Oh, let us love for evermore,
And may no cloud descend
To shade again the sunshine o'er,
Our bliss with grief to blend.

Oh, love me still ! While time shall roll,
I ne'er can love but thee :
I'll bear thine impress on my soul
Into eternity.

P E A C E.

THY voice is low, sweet Sister Peace;
Its echoes mild and clear
Bid pain and turmoil all to cease
And sorrow disappear.

In varied shapes, O gentle Peace,
Thy vision floats around ;
But ever with the sweet heart's-ease
Thy lovely brow is crown'd.

The chaplet gives thy tender eye
The violet's soft hue ;
Each quiet flower, like Pity's sigh,
Is bathed in heav'nly dew.

On viewless wings the weary earth
Thou roamest far and near.
Where famine's hand, where cruel dearth
And suff'ring dark appear ;

Where war and blood and carnage wage,
And discord reigns around,

Where dreadful death and battle rage,
Thy noiseless step is found.

Yes ! when the human heart foregoes
God's purpose and intent,
And brothers deem their brothers foes,
And deadly aims are bent,

Emerging then, in mist of love,
A revelation bright,
An angel spirit from above,
Appears thy mellow light.

And tumult pauses in its pace,
Contention's voice is o'er,
All spring to meet thy mild embrace,
And battle is no more !

Thus nations hail, sweet Peace, in thee,
The calm and joyous reign
That makes the ocean once more free
And commerce smile again.

The land, too long neglected view'd,
To culture once more yields ;
Beneath thy downy tread's renew'd
The labor of the fields ;

And husbands torn from wives away
By war and threat'ning death
Are wafted back, sad hearts to stay,
Upon thy fav'ring breath ;

And tender fathers, who no more
Their babes had hoped to see,
When homeward call'd from foreign shore,
Turn grateful hearts to thee.

O blessed Peace ! sweet silver star,
Whose holy light's enshrined,
Like love within the realm afar,
In the contented mind,

All nature, worn with toilsome life,
Must hail thy welcome breath,
That fans away the spirit's strife
In calm and peaceful death.

FLORA TO BESSIE, QUEEN OF MAY.

SPOKEN AT THE CONVENT OF M. DE SALES.

ASSEMBLED here upon the green,
And chosen thus to be
The maid of honor to the queen
Of our idolatry,
The May-day throne I venture near,
My friendship to impart,
And speak for each fair subject here
A true and loyal heart.

The flowers turn towards the sun,
To claim him god of day ;
So, gather'd round thee, ev'ry one
Now hails thee Queen of May !
Thy rare attractions all combine
To make our hearts rejoice ;
And while our hopes round thee entwine,
We triumph in our choice.

Oh, lovely sovereign ! Queen of Youth !
Not England's Bess could boast

Of hearts of firmer faith and truth
Amidst her mighty host.
And may thy spring thus open'd fair
Still brightly wend its way ;
And when thy summer's days draw near,
Thy heart as fond display.

And as we thus united stand
In Flora's season now,
May Autumn find us hand in hand,
With plighted faith and vow.
Should Winter, with his chill breath, steal
The roses of our youth,
Oh, may his frost-work ne'er conceal
Our trusty love and truth !

THE QUEEN'S REPLY TO FLORA.

OH, thanks, dear friend ! thy words convey
Conviction to my heart
That never will this happy day
From memory depart.
My subjects all, with grateful love
My spirit turns to you ;

Oh, may I never, never prove
Unworthy love so true!

For not through merit do I claim
The crown upon this day :
'Tis friendship's ever-faithful name
That makes me Queen of May.
And motives kind which thus exalt
From loving hearts proceed ;
Kind friends, o'erlooking every fault,
Accord me undue meed !

Yet I accept their partial praise,
As freely as it flows :
'Twill serve to blend life's coming days
With shades *couleur de rose*.
I feel your hearts around me cling
As tenderly and near
As twines this wreath of fragrant Spring
Which on my brow I wear.

Ye are the flowers that blended light
And loveliness impart,
And long have made so warm and bright
The garden of my heart.
One little bud, though, I recall,
With thought of pensive strain :
She went to answer God's own call,
And never came again.

She was exotic from that isle
Where verdure ever reigns,
Where Southern skies so constant smile,
And sunlight seldom wanes.
Transplanted thus to Northern clime,
Ah ! droop'd our lovely flower ;
She fell away in Winter time,
We all recall that hour !

So loving was she, and so fond,
Our hearts seem'd grown in one :
To Him who broke that silken bond,
We say, Thy will be done !
The crown I wear may soon decay,
But hers will *never* die,
For there is one eternal May
Beyond the boundless sky.

I echo truly, dearest friend,
Your sentiments so pure !
Oh, may the seasons, as they wend,
Still find our love endure.
If Autumn, or if Winter chill,
Should meet us on life's way,
Then may our cherish'd friendships still
Be warm as now in May !

FAITH'S ENTRANCE.

WHILE years achieved their onward course,
He walk'd in dread and doubt,
Unheeding every sign or source
To guide his steps about.
His heart was as a flinty rock,
Where naught could impress make,
No key could turn the stubborn lock,
No power the fortress take.

He stumbled and he groped around
To find a road to tread ;
But 'neath his feet the broken ground
Alone to darkness led.
And yet within this brooding day
He never once believed
He had been lost upon life's way
Or therein been deceived.

A cloud suspended dimm'd his sight,
And shaded from his view
A hand which pointed to the light,—
A hand with index true.

But He whose work is sometimes slow
Is always sure indeed :
His mercies and His bounties flow
To man in hour of need.

And by degrees he seem'd to wake,
And felt no more oppress'd ;
The skeptic chain which bound him brake,
And left him free and blest.
The portals of his heart gave way
When Faith stole softly in,
While shrinking from her flew away
The specious tenant Sin.

Then Truth and Light before him shone
In letters bright and clear ;
He felt no longer sad and lone,
Nor droop'd his soul with fear.
The volume long possess'd in vain,
Unheeded and unsought,
That long had thus neglected lain,
With eagerness was caught.

Its priceless worth became impress'd
Upon his yielding heart ;
He clasp'd it to his grateful breast,
Ah, never thence to part.

He'd found at last the faithful friend
That should his life direct ;
Whose strength within his soul would blend ,
Would guide and would protect.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

BEAUTIFUL MAY ! with eyes so bright,
With silken locks as dark as night,
With merry step and blithesome voice,
That bids the heart within rejoice,
Oh, may thy spirit free and pure
Forever in its truth endure !

Beautiful May ! with matchless face,
Enwreathed in smiles of saintly grace,
Which tells thy soul, O gentle child !
Is there reflected undefiled ;
For thou art as an angel bright
Dispensing rays of holy light.

O fairy one, with loving heart,
With every thought from self apart,
Forever watchful to beguile
With ready and resistless smile,

And win the mind with care oppress'd
To hopeful thought and happy rest.

Ah, who upon that brow can gaze
Untouch'd with strange and glad amaze,
To read in letters soft and clear,
'Midst beams of love reflected there,
The sense of Right that fills thy heart
And is, sweet one, of thee a part?

And who can gaze, nor learn to be,
Through thy bright youth and purity,
A something in life's sordid ways
That's worthy yet of honest praise,
A something better, more sincere,
Than otherwise they ever were?

Methinks thy very smile might charm
Away all evil and all harm ; -
The accent soft, the loving tone,
As musical as is thine own,
As with some potency and spell
E'en grief and anguish might dispel.

And may the happiness thou'dst give
Forever in thine own heart live !

Around thy path may flowers bring
To thee one bright, perennial Spring,
Their beauty and their fragrance sweet
Thy onward steps in life to meet !

May no dark shadow mark the brow
Of one so innocent as thou ;
But may the opening Future be
An Eden all undimm'd to thee,
With not a cloud of grief's alloy
Between thy hopes and perfect joy !

STRENGTHEN ME IN TIME OF
NEED !

A PRAYER.

AT Thy throne, O God, I fall,
Unto Thee, imploring, call :
Hear me, then, in mercy heed !
Strengthen me in time of need !
Kindly grant sufficient power,
In temptation's darkest hour,
Threaten'd evils to defy,
Sinful pleasures to pass by.

Though in specious garb they mask,
May it be my solemn task,
Under each deceptive fold,
Lurking danger to behold,
And to shun, with virtue strong,
E'en the semblance of wrong !
Prayerfully exalt my soul ;
Let 'Thy love my life control !
Holy Father ! teach to me
Meekness and humility !
To whate'er Thou dost impart,
May I bow with humble heart ;
To the lot Thou dost decree,
May I yield submissively ;
If Thou fill'st with joy my cup,
Whilst I drink the blessing up,
Let my soul ascend in praise
To Thy throne, with grateful lays.
If within the fount of life
Intermingle pain and strife,
Let me feel such is THY will,
And, feeling thus, adore Thee still.
Whilst I drain the secret gall,
Let me worship Thee through all ;
Let me feel, by Grief though smote,
Thou canst give the antidote.

Though beneath Thy chast'ning rod
I should sink, Almighty God !
Though in agony I strive,
If Thou wilt, Thou canst revive ;
Thou canst lift my soul oppress'd,
Fill with hope my fainting breast ;
Raise me up from out the dust,
Crown me with a perfect trust,
Sublimate each heart's desire,
And with truth my soul inspire :
Thou, O God ! Thou canst do all !
Thou on whom alone I call :
Hear me, then, in mercy heed !
Strengthen me in time of need.

LEANING O'ER THE VESSEL.

HERE, leaning o'er the vessel
And gazing on the sea,
My thoughts are turning backwards,
My absent home, to thee ;
While forms beloved and cherish'd,
While voices soft and clear,
Are thronging through my fancy,—
Are sounding on my ear.

The sky is fair and lovely,
The breeze is fresh and calm;
But from this scene of beauty
I borrow not its balm.
For every passing moment
The vessel on doth flee
But bears me off the farther;
My native home, from thee.

Although from sight you've faded,
My blessed fatherland!
My thoughts refuse to wander
Towards a foreign strand;
But like the heart in spring-time,
That clings to its first love,
To thee they turn in fondness,—
From thee they cannot rove.

But leaning o'er the vessel,
And watching the bright foam,
Steal o'er my cheek warm breathings,
A hand hath sought mine own:
'Tis thine, O gentle sister!
Our fates the same are cast;
But tears within your eyes tell
Your thoughts are of the past.

A chord within your bosom,
By like emotion stirr'd,
Pours forth the plaintive music,
As though mine own it heard.
Draw closer to me, sister,
And with each passing wind,
Oh, let us sigh together
For friends we've left behind.

New scenes and new vocations,
A few years past and o'er,
And we'll retrace our journey,
To seek those friends once more.—
But loud your heart is throbbing !
I feel it 'gainst my own ;
Your lip is pale and quiv'ring,
Your voice gives back no tone.

I guess your thoughts, O sister !
Mine, too, are wild and strange :
We cannot scan the future ;
It may be fraught with *change* !
We cannot turn its pages
To read a single name :
The home we now are leaving,—
Will it be just the same?

The same kind, loving faces;
The voices true and dear,
When next we go to seek them,
Oh, will they *all* be there?
Will every link be perfect
Which binds Affection's chain,
None tarnish'd then, or sever'd,
When we reach home again!

But, sister, gentle sister,
Oh, bid thy doubts be done;
The veil which wraps the future is
Of threads of Mercy spun.
Sufficient for the spirit
Its present pain and toil,
Without unearthing thorns from
Beneath a blooming soil.

If Sorrow should o'ertake us,
And Grief her weight should bring,
To turn to dreary Winter
The budding days of Spring,
Oh, then, we'll bow together,
As here embraced we stand,
Submitting to the chast'ning
Of the Almighty hand.

THE HEEDLESS WORD.

AND have I flung the cruel dart
With careless hand into thy heart?
Oh, was it poison'd, sank it deep,
And has it caused thine eyes to weep?
I did not mean such pain to give ;
And now I ask thee to forgive.

The grief inflicted I too feel ;
For, oh, I would not mar thy weal ;
I would not, for a selfish joy,
Within thy spirit blend alloy.
Then rather think my words were meant
With gen'rous and with kind intent.

I would not with a single blow
Thy youthful buoyancy lay low ;
I would not cause thy soul to feel
A wound which time might never heal,
Or in thy chalice brimming bright
Let fall one drop of ebon night.

Then look not sad, nor think again
I'd have thee know an hour's pain ;

That I would wound that spirit gay,
Or turn its mirthful mood away.
Ah, ne'er should word from out my lips
The sunlight of thy heart eclipse.

I could not gaze with undimm'd eye,
Or check my spirit's inward sigh,
To watch a bright and merry bird,
Whose music-notes were gayly heard
And listen to it sweetly sing,—
Then see it drop with wounded wing.

Oh, if my hand, unconscious though,
Had cast the barb that laid it low,
I could not know of peace or rest
Until I'd calm'd its beating breast ;
Until I should its strength restore,
My suff'rings felt could not be o'er.

Then look not sad ; but turn to me,
That I may calm and comfort thee :
Here, press thy heart against my own,
And listen to its beating tone ;
It speaks of love so tried and true,
That change nor chance can e'er subdue.

Here, rest thee here, while I impart
At least to one sad, quiv'ring heart

A joyous and a happy tone,
Which e'en mine own hath never known ;
While I restore thy spirit's rest,
With peace and trust infuse thy breast.

TO SUE.

THY merry laugh, sweet child, I hear ;
Each echo seems to float
Upon the rapt and list'ning ear,
Like music's gayest note.
Such music of thy guileless heart,
Like Orpheus' fabled skill,
Methinks should love divine impart,
And tenderness instill.
Thine eyes are clear and dark as night,
Thy brow is fair as day ;
Among thy fleecy locks a light
Of golden wealth doth play ;
Upon thy lips of coral dye
Thy breathings moist and warm
Like dew upon the roses lie,
Imparting there fresh charm.
Oh, lovely child of promise rare,
May Time to thee disclose
Each leaf unfolding bright and fair
As those which form the rose.

THE NIGHT IS DARK.

THE night is dark, the winds are high,
The clouds have gather'd in the sky ;
And, lo, the full and silver moon
Has faded out of sight too soon,
And stars that cluster'd round her throne
Have with their queen refulgent gone.

I sit and watch them oft from here,
As one by one they disappear,
Until I muse, with aching heart,
'Tis thus the joys of life depart !
Thus as the moon and starry light
Have pass'd away on this lone night.
Thus, when they shine with brightest beams,
Thus, when they wake our dearest dreams,
The clouds of disappointment rise
To shade them from our eager eyes.
Thus with the seed with care we tend,
Thus o'er the flowers we fondly bend ;
A wintry blast sweeps rudely by,
The seed is kill'd, the flowers die ;
While we have only tears to lave
As offerings o'er each lovely grave.

Thus with the tender bird we've nursed,
Whose carol'd song, each day rehearsed,
Our spirits has with joy imbued
And cheer'd us in our solitude.
One rude neglect or careless blow
Will lay the darling warbler low,
While we in vain will yearn to hear
Those music-notes lute-like and clear.
Thus golden fancies of the mind,
That flowers of thought together bind,
Are ever drifting far and wide,
As sea-shells wash'd by ocean's tide,
Or by Reality's stern breath
Are sadly tried and put to death.
When life is young, we gayly stand
Out-gazing towards the far-off land,
The fairy future land that shines
Undimm'd in bright perspective lines,
While, warm'd with hope, the thirsty soul
Impatient yearns to reach the goal ;
But, as each distant goal's attain'd,
Each tempting cup is found and drain'd,
Beneath the fresh and frothy brim
The ebbing tide is changed and dim,
Till farther down the dull dregs rest
Like disappointment in the breast.

Thus hopes have birth, and thus decay,
Thus vanish blessings day by day,
Till, shrouded in its secret gloom,
The heart, lone mourner o'er the tomb
Of wasted hours, or spent in vain
For that which brought no solid gain,
Finds naught is left to buoy it up
Or antidote the bitter cup.
There is in life no prop or stay
That may not fail or fall away ;
There is no changeless moon to light
The pilgrim through each weary night.

Then wherefore, heart, repose thy trust
In fading flowers, in things of dust ?
The land *beyond* is bright and fair ;
Eternal light is shining there ;
The birds ne'er cease in praise to sing,
And flowers to bloom through fadeless Spring.
There is no change in One above,
No misplaced faith in heavenly love !

HEART - BREATHINGS.

OH, check each cold tone and each hasty word !
They're best never spoken, best never heard ;
Suppress each harsh thought that fain would oft blend
With love of the heart for brother or friend.

If dark is his brow, or angry his cheek,
Then gentle and low be words that you speak ;
Remove every thorn you may from his path :
An answer that's soft will turn away wrath.

Oh, seek to dispel the tumult that reigns,
To quench the fierce fire which burns in his veins ;
Cast not on a coal that fire to raise :
Each fagot applied will brighten the blaze !

The breathings of friendship, gentle and kind,
Will lessen the flames, their embers will bind,
Till, like the hot sun 'neath eventide's shade,
From out of the heart all the fierceness will fade.

If clouds gather not, the storm cannot last ;
Then lighten each cloud, and soon 'twill be past.

An o'erhanging shower, or few drops of rain,
At first may descend ere all's peaceful again.

But when it is over, the heaven of love
Its holiest rays will reflect from above :
And is it not wise to quiet and quell
The bosom's wild rage, its billowy swell ?

For why, after all, should brothers contend ?
Why open a wound that's easy to mend ?
Our lives are but transient : day after day
We're leaving each other,—passing away.

And e'en while we stay, the beloved by our side
May wither or droop in the flush of youth's pride.
And when in the night of sorrow we mourn
The fond and the prized, forever now gone,

While we gaze on each form, each pale, lifeless face,
Whose features are seal'd in Death's cold embrace,
The fountains of Memory deeply are stirr'd,
Till each cruel thought and each hasty word

That ever we've known and ever we've said
Come back to reproach in tones of the Dead,—
Till vainly we long for magic or power
The Past to recall with each bitter hour :

The Past, with its thoughts and words to recall,
How gladly we'd yield existence and all !
Oh, gladly we'd pillow our heads on that breast,
And share with the loved one the last quiet rest.

But soon, ay, as soon revive the pale dead,
As call in the hours once vanish'd and fled !
Regrets cannot bring the Past to us back,
With thorns that deform its desolate track.

Ah, then, ev'ry moment bestow'd on us still
With kindness and love be our efforts to fill,
The pathway of Time with fresh roses to strew,
Their leaves to immerse in Affection's bright dew,

To cherish each blossom that round us may lie,
And crush not a tendril or floweret nigh !
Then sadness our hearts from pleasure may win,
No cruel remorse will mingle therein,

And leaves, though they turn from what they have
 been,
We'll think what they were when lovely and green ;
Then Winter may come, with frost on his wing,
But cannot erase the mem'ry of Spring.

TO *ESSIE*.

As gay as a bird, as merry and bright,
Whose music is heard from morning till night,
Who chirps gayly round from bough unto bough,
With skip and with bound, so, *Essie*, art thou.

Or like a sunbeam, all dancing and gay,
In soft golden gleam throughout the long day;
As joyous and bright, in unrestrain'd glee,
As happy and light, as careless and free.

And ne'er mayst thou know of sorrow a dart
To mar the glad flow of thy sunny heart;
But, like the bright bird, uncheck'd in its lays,
Thy music be heard till the close of thy days.

AMBITION FOR FAME.

WE seek to grasp the stars!—they fade away ;
Ambition soars, but on its pinion takes
Some cheery sunlight from the smiling day :
Some spell of innocence it wildly breaks
In its ascent ; and, like the fresh snow-flakes,
Which noontide kisses on the mountain-side,
Youth's youthful feelings melt away. Man stakes
On high renown his egotistic pride,
And upward toils, regardless what betide.
Were Virtue's guerdon but his worthy aim,
Then less he'd crave the barren boon of fame.

But in perspective lies the beacon-light
That shimmers o'er the distant tempting goal,
Inspiring to onward, eagle flight,
With fair illusions to the thirsty soul.
The dazzling lustre hides each threat'ning shoal,
Each deep or shallow that with darksome sign
The tide may ruffle in Fate's sparkling bowl,
And danger with the brightness there combine.
The serpent lures to poison, though he shine :
The ignis-fatuus, brilliant to the sight,
On near approach is but deceptive light.

Ambition ! fierce and all-exhaustless fire,
 With fever growing as its strength extends ;
 The more 'tis fed, the more doth it require,
 Consuming e'en the life wherewith it blends ;
 For, once ignited, still the flame ascends ;
 Ambition knows not limit to its grasp.

As with the child, each flow'ret pluck'd but tends
 To wake desire for more, though near the wasp
 Be hov'ring with envenom'd sting and clasp ;
 Though 'neath the roses hidden thorns abound,
 Still onward circles sanguine hope around.

And whatsoe'er is sought, or what attain'd,
 Throughout the devious windings of the race
 There still is ever something to be gain'd,
 Another goal to reach, another pace,
 Until the envied treasure we'd embrace
 Turns skeleton within the eager hold,
 And, lo ! so valueless appears the chase,
 We start, to think for thing so blank and cold
 Our better life we have exchanged or sold,
 We have exhausted time we might have given
 To toil in carving out a road to heaven.

Ah, could the shades of heroes who once breathed,
 Who won the laurel for each shining name,

Whose mem'ries with renown are still enwreathed,
But speak to mortals of Ambition's aim,
They'd tell how small the recompense of fame ;
For all that's lost for proud Ambition's sake,
How trifling is the gain ! Should they the same
Posthumous cognizance of creatures take,
Their souls must be dissolved in Pity's lake ;
For human kind their sympathies must rise,
And pensive music waken in the skies.

GABRIELLE.

SHE is winsome and she's bonnie,
Lovely Gabrielle !
With a voice as clear as ony
Soft and silv'ry bell.

And her een are meek and modest,
Mild as the gazelle's,
Where at times the very oddest
Glance of humor dwells.

For likewise she's young and witty,
Gentle Gabrielle !
She is bright as she is pretty,
This I ken full well.

She is *mair* than bright and bonnie,
She is gude and true,
With a heart as leal as ony
That from heaven grew.

She's a bairn of rarest merits,
She can truly tell
Whose maternal virtues she inherits,
Duteous Gabrielle !

For her nature's unacquainted
With deceit or guile,
And her sunny soul untainted
Hovers in her smile.

Blessed child ! with heart reflecting
Sweet contentment's spell,
Innocent and unsuspecting,
Lightsome Gabrielle !

May the peace that she would render
Ever with her dwell !
Angels' steps for aye attend her,
Noble Gabrielle !

THE SPIRIT FAITH.

VISIONS airy round me float ;
Thy voice I seem to hear ;
While tokens of another world
Come o'er my spirit here.

A gentle hand, but soft and cold,
I feel within mine own,
And sudden sounds of music wake
The mem'ry of thy tone.

They tell me in the spirit faith
That thou art with me now,
Thy arms are round my form once more,
Thy breath is on my brow.

Thy will it is that answers back
Each question of my heart,
And tells me in thy home afar
That sorrow forms no part,

That bids me never shrink from death,
Or dwell with doubt or gloom

Upon that world whose borders lie
Beyond the silent tomb.

For though we part from dear ones here,
Although we pass away;
We may return at times to bless
And cheer their lonesome way;

To hover round them through the day,
And, 'midst their nightly fears,
To soothe their weary pillows o'er
And dry their burning tears.

“ET TU!”

TO G. F.

WITHIN my heart a sacred niche
Had been assign'd to thee;
But *thou* hast broke the image which
Was worship'd there by me.

Though all the world unkind had proved,
I could not thee suspect;

Yet where we have most blindly loved,
Affections have been wreck'd.

I placed in thee too much of trust,
I thought thee true as steel ;
But even steel may sometimes rust
And damaged spots reveal !

I can but cry as Cæsar cried,
When friendship proved untrue,
And Brutus sever'd from his side
To join the treacherous crew :

" *And thou too !*" hast thou also left
Thy stab within my breast,
The palpitating chords have cleft
Where thy loved name did rest ?

So be it, then ! to thee I die !
Who'd longer care to live,
When those beloved have neither sigh
Nor sympathy to give ?

TO REST MY SOUL.

ALONE I go to rest my soul,
My troubled spirit to contról :
With HIM alone I seek converse,
The Author of the universe,

To fling without reserve apart
The closed-up portals of my heart,
And hold in its most secret pass,
With the High-Priest, high solemn mass.

Alone ! ah, never less alone
When from the busy world I've flown
To meet in secret wood or grove
The FATHER whom I know and love ;

To meet in sacred solitude
The Instigator of all good,—
Creation's potent Architect,
Whose wondrous works He can protect.

Is not my soul His own entire,
A part and portion of the Sire ?

And may He not best understand
The strange device of His own hand?

And through that soul I clearest feel
His strength and love itself reveal,
When void of human sound or tone,
And I am with Him—*all alone*.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, poem "If."

"'Tis like fair Venice' Bridge of Sighs,
Betwixt Despair and Hope that lies."

Byron says, in Canto IV. of *Childe Harold*,—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

And on these contrasting points, of *palace* and *prison*, has the author taken the liberty of instituting the comparison between Hope and Despair.

NOTE 2, page 86.

"From David's harp the sweet notes fell, and bade
The evil spirits vanish into shade."

"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—I Samuel, chap. xvi.; v. 23.

NOTE 3, page 169.

"Here many an Aram undiscover'd treads."

Eugene Aram, a native of Ramsgill, Yorkshire, son of a gardener. He was taken up at Lynn, 1758, for the murder of Daniel

Clark, a shoemaker of Knaresborough, who had been murdered thirteen years previously. After a trial he was found guilty of the crime, and suffered death at York, August, 1759.

NOTE 4, page 220.

“A cup of flower form.”

Giraldus says that he has seen the effigy of Hope on a golden coin of the Emperor Adrian. She was described in the form of a woman, and in her right hand she held a plate, on which was placed a sort of cup shaped like a flower, with this inscription: “The hope of the people of Rome.”

NOTE 5, page 314.

“’Tis dread necessity’s control

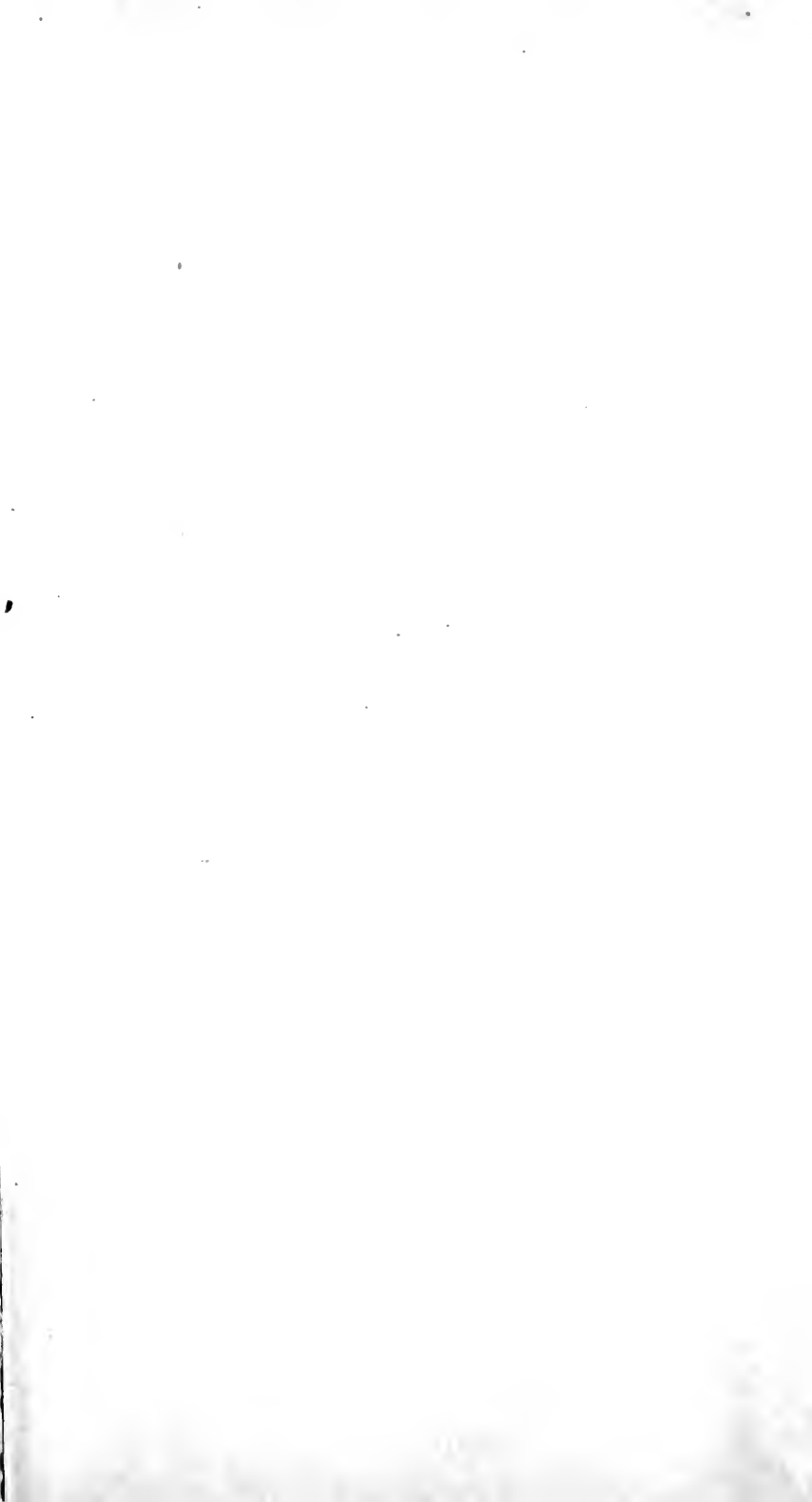
Which governs Brutus’ mighty soul.”

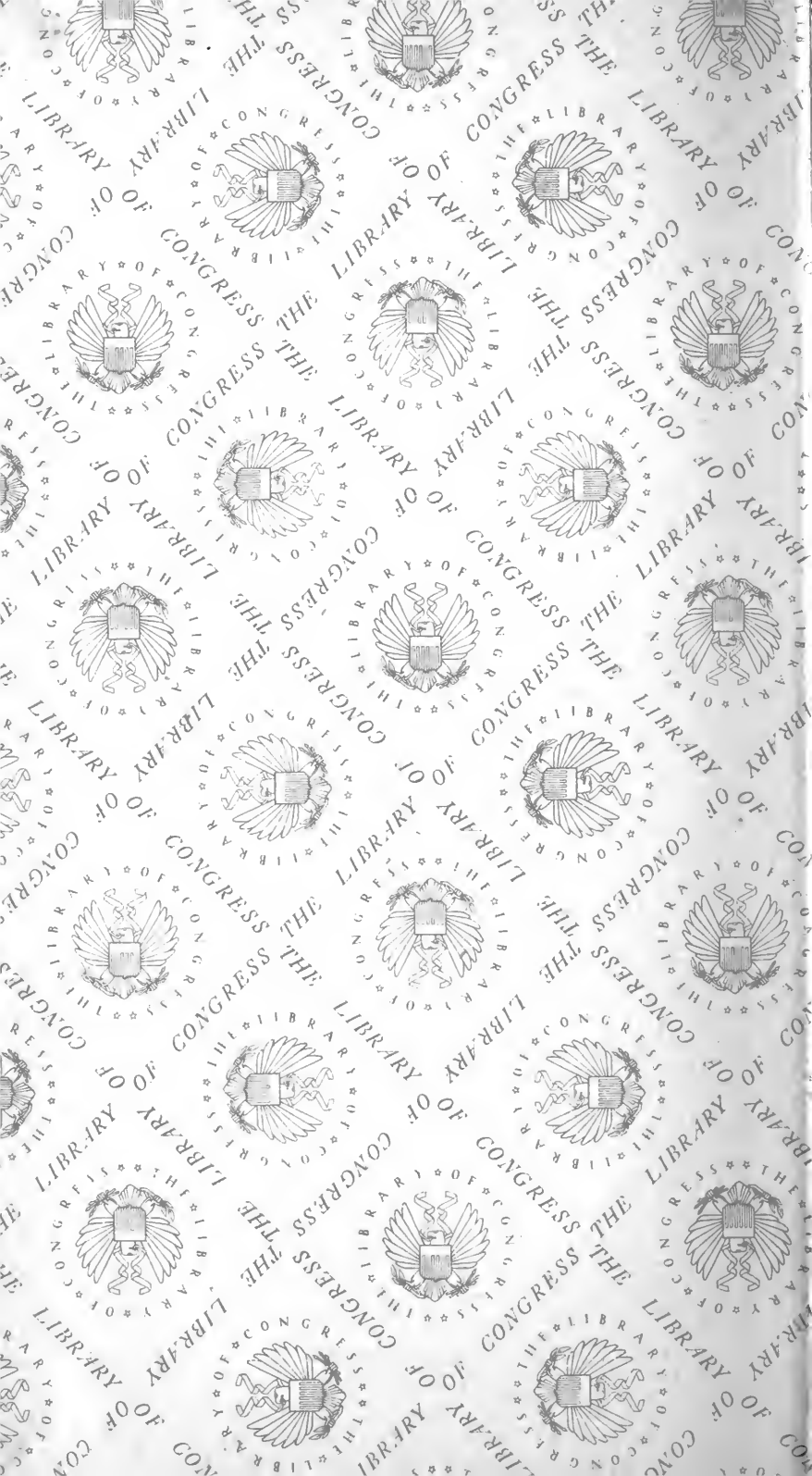
“Few situations,” says our historian, “could have been more terribly affecting than that of Brutus; a father placed as a judge upon the life and death of his own children, impelled by justice to condemn, and by nature to spare them. The other judges who were present felt all the pangs of nature.”

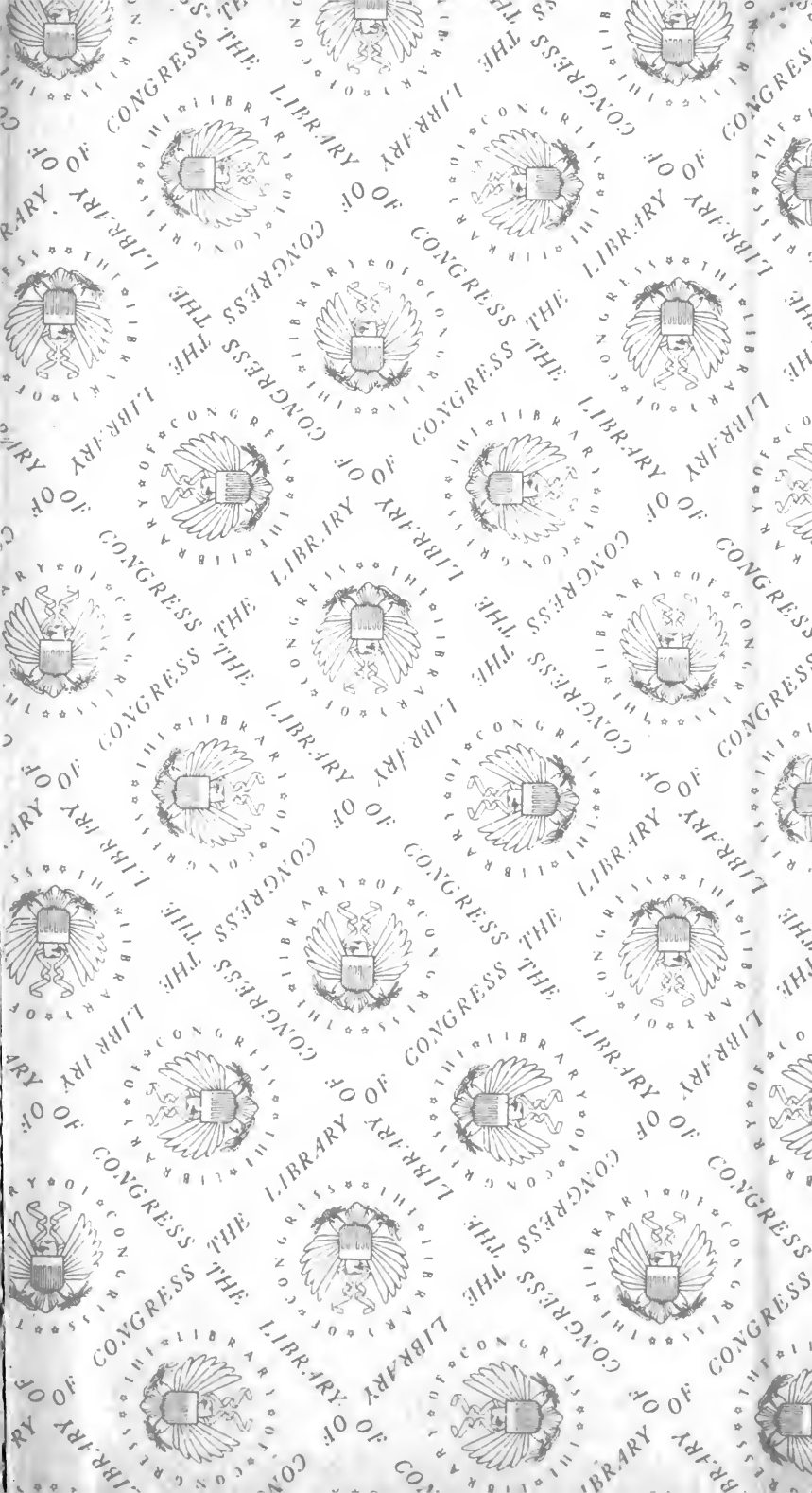
THE END.











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